# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

**An Illustrated Weekly Magazine**
**Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin**

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## Carnegie's Gift to Scotland

*By*

***Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T.***

## Sidelights on Conkling's Character

*By*

***Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith***

*The Curtis Publishing Company* Philadelphia

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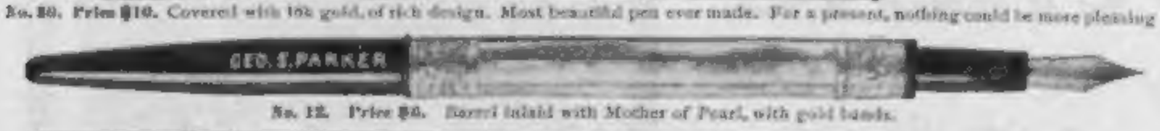

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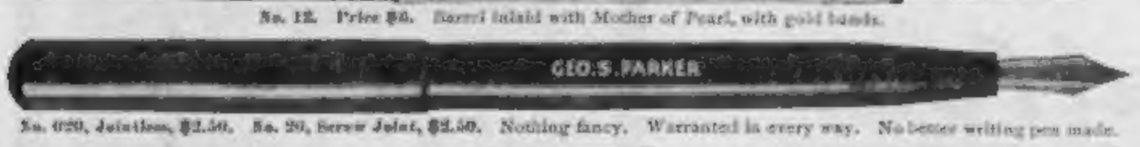

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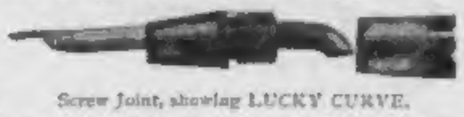

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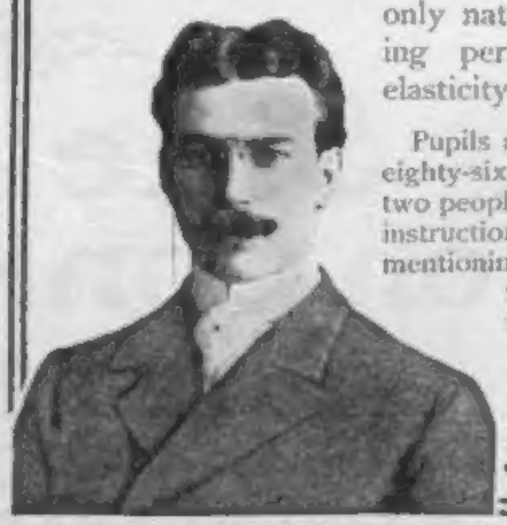

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# Side-Lights on Conkling's Character

## By Charles Emory Smith Postmaster-General

Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith at his desk

THE article on How Conkling Missed Nominating Blaine, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June 8, has elicited many interesting and varied comments. That chapter presented facts, and the facts suggested inferences. The facts are beyond question, but the inferences are matters of opinion. Some of the comments accept the conclusion that, in the event of failing to nominate General Grant, Mr. Conkling had planned to nominate Mr. Blaine, and some are skeptical. It is not strange that those who knew Mr. Conkling's bitterness and rancor toward his great rival should find it difficult to credit a purpose so surprising and so remarkable.

The deduction from the narrative must ever remain a matter of some doubt, but the publication has brought to the writer additional facts which throw further light on the subject. It had been communicated to Mr. Conkling before the Convention, as related, that Mr. Blaine had expressed a willingness to see him nominated under certain circumstances. It can now be added that this expression was conveyed to Mr. Conkling at the Convention itself, and by the very man to whom it was made. The deliverance thus repeated at first hand naturally deepened the impression left by the earlier communication. Mr. Conkling indicated his sensibility and rather oracularly replied: "We shall see what we shall see."

When the Blaine column, under the rising sun of Garfield, began to melt away, Mr. Conkling expressed great surprise and concern. To one conspicuous Blaine leader standing near him he turned and asked: "How many votes can you hold?" And when the reply came he quickly answered: "Hold fast." He did not want the Blaine force weakened. If he was to make the movement at all everything depended on how it was made. It must be made in such a way that neither would be compromised. It must not be a personal concession, but only a recognition of the logical truth that the party was divided between Grant and Blaine, and wanted one or the other. It might not even have affected the personal relations of the two rivals. It could have come only under what was deemed a political necessity that overrode all personal considerations. The situation in the Convention must be such as would itself explain and vindicate the action, and when the stampede to Garfield began events moved so fast that only Napoleonic decision could have been effective.

It is idle, yet interesting for the moment, to speculate upon the possible consequences had Blaine been nominated in 1880 with Conkling's concurrence. It would doubtless have changed the personal history of politics and government for many succeeding years. Blaine and Conkling were the two foremost leaders of their party. Each was the only serious obstacle to the other's advancement. Had their antagonism been assuaged both might have achieved the Presidency. If Blaine had been the candidate in 1880 he would undoubtedly have been elected, and it is not improbable that Conkling would have been his successor. At all events, the portentous occurrences which preceded the tragedy of 1881 and led to his retirement from the Senate would not have happened.

### *Garfield's Error in Appointing Judge Robertson*

The appointment of Judge Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York and the unfortunate issues growing out of it have been charged in many quarters to the overmastering influence of Mr. Blaine. This is a mistake. Mr. Blaine did not inspire that selection for that place. The act which precipitated the lamentable clash between Garfield and Conkling was the act of the President himself. It was not due to any spirit of hostility or any purpose of conflict, but simply to his lack of experience in practical politics. In making the appointment the President did not appreciate how deadly a blow he was inflicting, and he came to realize its full import only when it was too late for him to withdraw without a sacrifice of dignity and self-respect. Mr. Blaine was not unmindful of his obligations to those who had been his friends and had fought his battles, but in this particular case he had another plan of reward. Whether peace would have been preserved between an Administration of which he was the head and the New York Senator can only be conjectured, but at least he was not responsible for the rupture which had such signal consequences in 1881.

If Mr. Blaine was malleable, tractable and adroit, Mr. Conkling, though widely different, was not altogether unamenable to influence and reason. The general conception was that he was imperious, autocratic and intolerant of opposition. His lofty bearing and ascendant personality fostered this impression. He was leonine and naturally oppugnant. His easy, almost his prevailing, note was a mordant sarcasm that stung and smarted, and he could at times exhibit a withering scorn that blasted and shriveled its victim. At the very opening of the famous Rochester Convention of 1877, where he was in fighting trim throughout, he spoke a single sentence that flashed and hissed across the great hall like a pistol-shot, and sent Attorney-General Martindale staggering in the open space before the platform as if he had been actually hit by a bullet. The constant and glittering coruscation of his varied and brilliant powers before those with whom he was brought in personal contact built up the idea of a regnant individuality that exacted subservience and brooked no difference.

But this impression did not do full justice to Mr. Conkling's quality. He would listen to counsel which crossed his views and purpose if he believed that it was offered in good faith and not prompted by any sinister motive or ulterior design. A case in point will illustrate this truth. Mr. Bristow was Secretary of the Treasury in General Grant's Cabinet, and a movement was started to make him the Presidential candidate in 1876. The whiskey frauds centred in St. Louis had been developed, and it was alleged that General Babcock and others in the group of General Grant's early army friends were involved. Mr. Bristow was zealous in pushing the investigation and prosecution; his zeal was regarded by his supporters as a virtue and imputed by his critics as campaign play; and, rightly or wrongly, General Grant and the leaders who surrounded him believed that Bristow was needlessly and unfairly pursuing the President's personal friends for his own political purpose. Though a member of the President's Cabinet, he became the special favorite and candidate of the President's most virulent assailants.

### *The Bristow-Babcock Complication*

Under such circumstances it was inevitable that there should be serious friction between the President and his Secretary. General Grant was distinguished for standing by his friends, perhaps in some cases beyond reason. On the other hand, Mr. Bristow's advocates urged that he was simply doing his official duty and that he could not falter. In the clash thus resulting there was every prospect that he would be summarily dismissed from the Cabinet. General Grant resented what he regarded as an insidious and unfriendly attack from his own household, and it is quite possible that, on the other side, there was no unwillingness to be put in the seeming position of being a martyr to devotion to public duty. Some weeks before the National Convention at Cincinnati the issue apparently came to a head, and there was a concurrent and emphatic report in all the newspapers, with every indication of authenticity, that the immediate dismissal of Bristow had been determined on.

An individual then living in Albany was one among ten thousand who, without any relations to Bristow or any friendliness for his canvass, felt that such a blow would be a great mistake for the party and the Administration. It would be one of those blunders which are worse than crimes, and it ought, if possible, to be averted. Impelled by this conviction, he wrote a letter in such a way that he was sure it would fall under the eye of Hamilton Fish, the great Secretary of State. Secretary Fish was a statesman of conspicuous poise, sobriety and judgment. Not only did he conduct our foreign affairs with splendid skill and ability, but he was a political counselor of ripe experience, wisdom and moderation. He was certain to see the error for the Administration of removing Bristow for no other apparent public reason than his prosecution of the whiskey frauds. The writer of the letter did not feel that it was necessary to appeal to Secretary Fish, whose attitude might confidently be relied on, but his only thought was that it might possibly be one additional straw, however unimportant in itself, in the sheaf of arguments with which the Secretary could appeal to the President.

The first results were as expected. The letter fell under the eye of Secretary Fish and was carried by him to General Grant. But another consequence followed which was entirely unforeseen. A telegraphic message came to write another such letter at once to Senator Conkling. This summons was wholly unexpected, and it was not welcome. It involved embarrassments. Senator Conkling, it was known, was hostile to Secretary Bristow, and was one of the most earnest in feeling that his attitude and action deserved dismissal. How bitter his personal feeling was and what good reasons there were for it came afterward to be understood, but they were not then fully realized. Enough was known, however, to leave it clear that he was vigorously opposed to Bristow, and that to write him a letter counseling against any aggressive or punitive action would be to cross his views and possibly arouse his resentment. It was not a pleasant task.

### *The Effect of the Letter from Albany*

The circumstances under which the request had come, however, left no alternative, and the letter was written. It was written with the care and circumspection prompted by the knowledge that it involved the temerity of a pronounced difference and by the thought that possibly it might seriously affect a friendship. The considerations which militated against a step that was sure to be misunderstood and to be turned to the prejudice of the President were presented. It was pointed out that, as Junius wrote to the King of the warfare on John Wilkes: "The rays of royal indignation collected on him served only to illuminate and could not consume."

The letter was sent with many misgivings as to the result. To the surprise of the writer there came a very prompt and extended autograph answer in the most kindly, considerate and appreciative tone. Without here venturing to go over its ground, Senator Conkling said that the view which had been presented merited full attention, and frankly gave assurance that no action should be taken which would not meet approbation. Secretary Bristow was not removed, but sent in his resignation some weeks later, immediately after the Cincinnati Convention had nominated Hayes.

Now this letter is not mentioned as of any importance. It probably had little or nothing to do with the result. If it had any effect at all it was doubtless only because it was one of various cumulative influences that culminated at that time. The only value of the incident is in the light it throws on Mr. Conkling's intellectual character, and on the evidence it furnishes that, notwithstanding the wide impression of his imperious and dogmatic spirit, growing largely out of his grand manner, he would hear and heed advice, even when it conflicted with his own strong prepossessions, if he felt that it was inspired by a friendly and ingenuous purpose. With all his splendid self-assertion and personal supremacy, in his associations, he was open to conviction, and often what seemed to be the most emphatic utterance of his individuality was only the expression of what he had absorbed and assimilated from others. He had no need to label his products, for he was so original and forceful that whatever went through the mint of his mind bore the stamp of his own coinage.

### *Conkling's Opposition to Civil Service Reform*

The two most striking characteristics of Mr. Conkling were his extraordinary intellectual force and his high sense of honor. He did not display great creative statesmanship, perhaps not so much as he might have done had he more earnestly addressed himself to that field. He often expended his strength on what did not seem altogether worthy of his rare powers. But whether his efforts were on the highest plane of constructive statesmanship or not, no one could dispute the consummate force of his demonstration. His virile and shining intellectuality stood forth conspicuous in every utterance. He was a political gladiator. In the arena of combat he was agile, dexterous, tremendously powerful. In his intense partisanship he was entirely sincere and honest.

At the Rochester Convention already referred to he was urged to consent to a moderate declaration for a civil service

principle of fixed tenure, and no removal except for cause. He declined, and finally acquiesced only in a tepid expression commending the principle for consideration. In this opposition to the system of selection by examination and of irremovability at the discretion of the appointing power, which he always maintained, those who heard his reasoning felt that he was sincere, however mistaken. He believed that such a system missed true fitness and accountability. He was a robust partisan and accepted full party rule in free government with all its consequences.

His sense of honor was keen and ever present. His personal integrity was stainless. With it was united a fine chivalry. In 1879 an incident happened which was grossly distorted, and which through wide misrepresentation subjected him to great reproach. There was a curious fatality about the perversion, and the real truth never succeeded in getting much foothold. To the first friend he met after the incident his first words were: "Will this thing hurt Cornell?" It was the year that he wanted to nominate Mr. Cornell for Governor, and the Convention was only a few weeks distant. His first thought was not of himself. "I can take care of myself," he added, "but I do not want my friends to suffer." There was a spirit of chivalry in the impulse and in the whole treatment that cannot but challenge admiration.

Probably the most marvelous displays of Mr. Conkling's brilliant gifts were not under the restraint of public view, but in the freedom of the private room, in the company of three or four, and sometimes of only one. He was as complete and dazzling a monologist as Doctor Johnson or Lord Macaulay. Three friends arriving in Washington called on him at his committee-room, in the Capitol. It was during the Hayes Administration. After the first greetings he learned by his inquiries that their plan was to go to the theatre that evening, where they expected to see John McCullough in the rôle of Richelieu.

The mention of Richelieu touched his fancy, and immediately he entered on a remarkable critique of the play and the history. He took up the figures and incidents; he analyzed and portrayed the characters; he pictured their relations and traced the development and movement of the drama. It soon became apparent, without a direct word, that in the form of a critique on Richelieu he was making an analogue of the Hayes Administration. He never once mentioned Hayes or any associate. It was all done under the guise of a review of Bulwer's play. But through the vivid sketch of the King the enchained listeners saw the unmistakable lineaments of Hayes as Conkling conceived him, and through the thin but intense outlines of Barradas they saw the meagre but distinct form of Evarts. Only once was there a direct allusion. Speaking of the King, Mr. Conkling paused for a moment, and then, with a piercing look but without changing a muscle, he parenthetically remarked: "And, by the way, he was an eight-by-seven King."

The whole performance continued without a break for fifteen or twenty minutes. Every sentence was as precise and perfect as if the speaker had been a month in preparing and polishing the deliverance. It was graphic, artistic and skillful beyond description, and nothing in the finished and sinewy lines of Bulwer himself was more stately or powerful than this spontaneous delineation and application of his play. The suggestion of the living actors and action through the limning of the characters and the operation of the drama required the deepest subtlety and deftness, but it was carried out from beginning to end with a genius which excited wonder. Mr. Conkling did not conceal his sentiment toward the Administration, and he reveled in the opportunity of pouring out his ineffable scorn and contempt under the slight mask of the dramatic prototypes.

He delighted in this sort of intellectual exercise. An occasion is recalled immediately after his absence from the Senate when it acted on the decision of the Electoral Commission in the case of Louisiana—an absence which excited question and comment throughout the country. He had been largely instrumental in passing the act creating the Electoral Commission, and in doing so had rendered an inestimable public service. In supporting that measure he differed from Mr. Blaine, Senator Morton, the intellectual giant from Indiana, and other powerful leaders of his party, who feared that it was a device in the interest of Tilden; but, irrespective of the result, Mr. Conkling was right in favoring the solution which carried the country safely and peacefully through as grave a crisis as it ever confronted short of actual war. He was known to dislike Mr. Hayes; he was believed to be doubtful about counting Louisiana; and the greatest interest attached to his every movement in that emergency. When the supreme issue came at last over the counting of Louisiana, and he was absent, it evoked the widest speculation.

The occasion referred to was within three or four days after this event, and with a single auditor Mr. Conkling pronounced a discourse lasting from eleven o'clock in the evening till three o'clock in the morning, which, if it could have been literally reported, would possibly have seemed at least what, under the impression of the moment, came to be applied to various of his public speeches, "the greatest effort of his life." He was evidently conscious of the reflections upon his absence from the Louisiana vote, and explained the circumstances which he felt rendered it imperative. But from that personal explanation he started off upon what was in reality an oration which, in anecdote, in reminiscence, in richness of allusion and imagery, in splendor of sentiment, sarcasm and eloquence, in keen dissection and portraiture of public men, in affluent discussion of public issues, was indescribably brilliant. In the freedom of such intercourse he was unrestrained, and all the resources of his stored and fertile mind were apparently at instant command, with a fluency of speech and a mastery of style which of its kind, notwithstanding some mannerism, has rarely been equaled.

For this sort of exhibition, which never ceased to be new and surprising, he was singularly equipped. He had a wonderful verbal memory. It was different in kind from Mr. Blaine's equally marvelous faculty. Mr. Blaine was constantly astonishing the social gathering or the dinner company with the extraordinary range of his information and with the remarkable accuracy of his knowledge of recondite events and names and dates. His reading of history and biography, not only of his own country but of other lands, was very wide, and he remembered everything with absolute precision. He would amaze a company in London with his exact description of a particular debate in Parliament half a century before.

It is often said that American statesmen, though strong in native capacity and aptitude and equal to any exigency, lack the high education, culture and training of English statesmen. Comparing the whole range of men in public life there is probably truth in the observation. Most English public men graduate from Oxford or Cambridge, dedicate themselves from the beginning to public affairs, make a public career the study and work of life and are free from the question of support. Many American public men, on the other hand, graduate from the farm or the shop, and the public career in this country is not the business of a leisurely class. Nevertheless, American public life has been distinguished by not a few conspicuous figures who, not only in the public forum but in the intellectual encounters of the private circle, have outstripped the British exemplars in the British capital. And among these two of the most impressive were James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling.

*She was a vain person, this Shino*

# SHINO

## By Adachi Kinnosuké

I

AT THEIR feet the city of Kobé; beyond it a bay—the Bay of Chinu of the poets—and still farther away the soft, miragelike mists, and above them the faint outlines of the mountains of Kishyu that make you think of the dream of some great artist.

As Ashida Tadanori—a boy of six—and his mother were looking from the veranda of their cottage at this idyl of a landscape they heard steps approach them, and the *shoji* opening behind them.

"*O kusama*, madam, this woman has somewhat to say to you," said a maid, bowing on the mat.

A very singular sight greeted them. Yes, there was a woman; and a baby was in her arms.

A pause—an awkward, irritating pause.

"*Korewo*, this——" said the woman, and handed a letter to Ashida's mother. She opened it, read, and then smiled at the woman, and they left him alone—his mother, the woman, and the baby. He was too young to understand; not too young, however, to wonder at it.

That was the strangest baby he had ever seen. Its hair was not gold exactly, nor entirely silk. And white, that baby! white as if it were made of lotus-buds; as if the heart of Buddha were suddenly turned into a dimpled little bud. But because it was in the arms of a Japanese woman, and because she did not look like a nurse of foreign quarters, he never could think that it was a young shadow of another race.

And, indeed, it was not a total stranger.

What Ashida's mother read was a short note. O Yasu had written it; and she had been their maid for many a year. Very awkwardly penned was that short note, and it was as simple as the first copy of a bird trying to express in letters its very, very touching song. In the case of O Yasu, it was her last song. Every expression of it seemed a humble prayer to Amida Buddha:

To be lifted up to the
August Lady-Mistress:

*Madam:* The weather is turning rather cold; maple leaves are weaving brocades on the hillsides and are very pretty.

As for Yasu, your humble maid, she has come under your august shadow to this stage in the journey through this floating world.

But my heart breaks to think of it. That day—as you honorably know . . . . For the sin of putting to naught your honorably kind warning, Buddhas have punished me, as your humble maid well deserved.

Your august dread—you condescended to tell me of it, as you may honorably remember—came true. Yes, my English husband has left me. I struggled a while and now I am dying. I know august lady was full of compassion even as a Bosatsu. And . . . but it is so hard to say. But since it must be said . . . This is our poor baby, his and mine. I tremble with fear for taking such liberty. I do well know that august lady would not be angry with me; but I fear the punishments of the gods. Nevertheless I am going to send it to you. And I know this will be the happiest thing for our poor baby-girl. And I am sure, for this act, she will forgive me for bringing her into this world. He called her Ethel; I call her Shino.

And is it too much to ask, if I beg you, august lady, to condescend to pray a word—just a word or two, to Buddha, for your poor, lowly maid in order that there may be no sad accident on the dark paths of Meido? Doubly worshiping,

YASU.

Years sped and the baby was a girl. She called Ashida brother, and he called her sister.

A little beyond the smoke of Kobé, to the east of the city, running down from the hills to the sea, are many-colored clover fields. They used to go out there together—she and he and the smiling spring. He would deck her with flowers as wild as his laughters. She was a vain person, this Shino. Perhaps because vanity became her as never it did the fairest of festal queens. "The visitation of Benten," said his mother with conviction. For Benten is the Japanese Venus.

They were happy days for her—for him.

All happy things, however, have an end—so also the childhood days of Shino and of Ashida. And it came to pass that he, no longer a boy, turned into an idolater. His eyes would forever follow the willow grace of Shino spite of himself. Every glance of his was a confession.

Love knows no nationality; at the same time, Ashida's mother was very much—painfully, to tell the truth—aware of the difference of blood. Love takes any idea of social cast with a grimace, but his mother took it with all the seriousness of her nature. Again, feudalism is dead in Japan; castles are in ruin; the *samurai* days are but a corpse of memory now. But it was very certain, indeed, that his mother was a sort of sublime and altogether pathetic anachronism of the elder elegance and dignity, and in every drop of her blood lived all those things which you thought were dead.

"Oh, well, they are mere children," she said to herself. And that was the only ground on which his adoration for Shino was permitted. As you see, then, his all-wise mother made one mistake—to her he always remained a child.

II

HIS schooling over, when he came home from Tokyo:

"Ashida-*san*, at last you have augustly returned. What happiness this affords your august mother and humble me!"

"*O*-Shino-*san*, your honorable health is beautiful; allow me humbly to congratulate you."

There was no more "Brother;" no more "Here, Shino!"—oh, no! And he felt so awkward before her. When did it happen that she became all eyes, and he all hands and feet and blushes?

His mother noticed this. She did not seem to like it.

What! her first-born marry the daughter of her former maid! and that, too, a Eurasian! Never!

*Chu, Ko*—two Chinese characters.

And they horizon and roof all the ethical ambitions of Confucius. In other words, all the moral history of China, Korea and Japan is in these acorn words.

*Chu* means loyalty.

*Ko* means filial piety.

And the soul of Confucius never found a shrine so faithful, so enthusiastic, so all-glorifying as the *samurai* heart of Tokugawa-Shogunate in Japan. And Ashida Tadanori was a *samurai*. His mother did not want him to love Shino.

From these things you may be able to see how it was that he, one lonely night, stood, ghost-fashion, in the hush of things, with his tearless, fiery eyes, threatening the starless heaven with his right arm uplifted, with his teeth dug into his lip, and his whole frame quivering like an up-going whirlpool, and swore:

"Gods help me! Your august wish, honored, beloved mother, let it be mine. She, above you? Gods forbid!"

A week or two later——

Ashida, a bamboo cane in hand, came down the Suwa hill. The breezes, which had been steadily heading toward the hills, had just changed their mind to return homeward to sea. It was that hour of the evening when the skies seem to rub their eyes to see in what color they are robed.

Ashida entered the garden through the back gate. He could have gone to his room through a dozen other ways. But this evening he dragged his cane by the miniature lake where the willows were weeping, all dewy, over the rockeries. As he came out of the twilight-thick skirt of a pine, "Ah—h!"—a sharp note of alarm.

And it was a woman's voice which exclaimed. Her first impulse was to fly; her gestures said so beyond dispute. It was equally certain that Ashida became a stone by what he heard and saw.

"Oh, you frightened me badly," said she; "you came upon me like a ghost."

"Is it you, *O*-Shino-*san*? I couldn't see you at first. But what are you doing here, if I may ask? It's getting rather dark, don't you think, *O*-Shino-*san*?"

"*Hai*," said she, as if she were talking to a man in the moon. But, recovering herself, she said:

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all! You know girls are very queer sometimes."

"You have been crying," he said. And really it was not very hard to discover the fact. Her voice was a stream of tears in spite of all her efforts. He sprang to her side. No one was looking at them—that is to say, heaven was watching; so were the stars; so also were the willows and the lake, and as for the frogs, they were telling them very plainly that they were seeing everything.

"Shino!" He took her hand in his, and he felt a most irrational and as irresistible an impulse to cry out his heart to her on the very spot. And he did. And, somehow, into his voice entered all the thousand rings of emotions.

"Shino, something is the matter with you, I know. Tell me, won't you?"

Ah, she thought so! She had always thought so. But then, of late he had acted so strangely by her. What had she done? She could not find the slightest spot on her conscience under the most rigorous of examinations. She could not understand, but now, hearing his voice, she was reassured. Happy, she undoubtedly was, but here is woman all over for you; she cried as if her heart would burst; it was perhaps because she felt so completely happy. She tried to tell him something, but naturally sobs choked her. And nothing—angels know it well—is so telling as the silence, the sob-choked silence. And every sob of hers tore Ashida's heart with an ecstasy of agony into madness.

"I thought that you hated me," she said at last; "I must have done something of late—something wicked, something very, very wicked."

"How could you think of such a thing? Oh, no, Shino!"

Of course he forgot everything and took her into his arms. A frog, alarmed at the sight, leaped into the pond. And the sounds of the waters went abroad dreaming through the hush of twilight.

"I love you, Shino—oh, how passionately! Three worlds—yes, Shino, through three worlds, this troth! No, we shall never, never part!" The whisper was low, suppressed, intense, strong.

His oaths?

Ah, well! the gods did not seem to help him; and Fate is a demon of a satirist.

One summer night, after one of those days of riotous mirths and sunshine, was weeping heavy dews—so like man.

His mother was sleeping, and so were the hills, rising into the starlit bosom of night, as loftily as the mother's ambitious dream-castles which she was rearing for the future of her son. And he, in the midst of that solemn protest of universal stillness, was deceiving his mother!

Ashida, however, did not know this. Had one informed him of this atrocious crime he would have spoken to him, in all probability, with an astounding deal of freedom, and would have sent him, without much ceremony, to investigate the dark mysteries of Meido, beyond the grave.

"Shino," he was saying. To her, never was a summer murmur of zephyr to a timid bud half so tender and soul-thrilling as his tone.

"Shino, you know well what manner of person my august mother is. You know also the first duty of a son. Do you understand me, Shino?"

"Oh, yes, yes! beloved. My love for you will be kept as secret as a pearl in the bottom of the deepest sea. None but the gods shall ever know of it."

"Be as cold to me before the eyes of the world as you can. Be very, very careful, Shino. My mother's eyes are set on a hill."

"You can trust me. Even your august mother has never read my heart."

"As you know, I would rather die nine times over than to give a single pain to her. Can you wait bravely till she——?"

"Yes!"

Nothing more was said under the willows.

Far away toward the hills crickets were playing upon the summer's flutes.

Meanwhile, the mother, as is very natural, was often anxious of her son. To her queries, Ashida would answer:

"August mother, as you see, I am hopelessly in love with my study. And there is no more jealous and exacting mistress than speculative philosophy. Moreover, I humbly learn that ambition is the last love of man. I am very ambitious. And so no marriage for me, august mother."

And Shino?

Whenever any of her wooers was mentioned she would declare with her gentle fire that she would enter an *andera*, a Buddhistic nunnery, rather than marry in this world. She was a very radical Buddhist. She did not believe in marriage. Is not life heavy enough on her shoulders? Why, then, should she plot to bring an innocent soul into the floating world of woes?

III

ASHIDA was by his mother's bed. And the snow was melting outside the *shoji*, as the fourth spring—after the lovers' troth had been exchanged—touched it. He was in tears. If the doctor's word and the witness of his own eyes were to be trusted his mother was dying—dying the death of a thoroughly ripe, ruddy fruit which would fall into an autumn twilight.

"Mother, madam, august mother, you are not going to leave me thus—torn and alone in this world!"

She turned to him with a smile—most surely not of earth—and said:

"Leave you alone, my son? Oh, no! my spirit would ever hold you in its embrace, awake and asleep. Come often to my grave with fresh flowers, my son, and I am sure that my tombstone will move with joy!"

The mother's consolation made the matter all the harder for Ashida to bear.

"August mother, you are not going to die! Oh, no! It can't be. I am lonely; I'll be all alone!" he said again.

She answered him as usual. But her voice was unusual and sounded like an echo of a silver cascade, far, far away. She said: "Not alone! No, not alone, my son!"

He looked up with a start, and a poniard-point of a harsh terror entered his soul.

There was a strange smile on her face.

At last Priest Raiyen, the head of the Hozen Temple, who, according to the pious, had a mountain of merits, almost equal to that of a Bosatsu, came. No, not even Ashida could enter into his mother's chamber—for such was her wish. The priest read the *sutras*, burnt incense and, rubbing all the while between his pressed hands the beads, prayed.

When the priest was gone Ashida entered the silent chamber of death. What a change there was on that Buddha-like face of his mother!

"August mother, you are recovering, thank Heaven!"

His eyes were not deceived, exactly. There was a change, a great change, a very deceptive change.

The reason of it was that there had been a millstone, which Ashida could not see with all the youth of his eyes, around the delicate throat of his mother; and that the priest came, and as he went away carried it along with him. The millstone was a secret, and the priest took it away in the shape of a letter.

There was a note of instruction with the letter:

> If you find my humble son happy at the end of one year after my death, let this letter be burnt, either by you, holy teacher of Law, or by your august successor, in the censer in front of my mortuary tablet. If, however, you find him unhappy, then let this be placed in his hand.

It was not long before Ashida walked the saddest mile and a half he trod in all his life. With the memory of all her ancestors, and as quietly as meditation, as peacefully as a holy lotus flower, she sleeps her Bosatsu rest.

Buddha's peace be with her!

Of old, Confucius mourned three years over the death of his mother. Ashida was a Confucian. He sealed himself up in his companionless study; he would not see any one.

"Honorable dinner," Shino would call from the outside of the paper screen called *shoji*, kneeling on the bare floor of the veranda.

"Thank you; my gratitude for your kind thoughtfulness!" would a sad, thin, and almost feminine voice answer her from within.

Oh, that *shoji*! How Shino's heart longed for a glimpse—for just a single glimpse of him! How would she have consoled him! Into the warmest corner of her heart she would take this sorrow-frozen soul. And, if he would but give her a shadow of a chance, how gently would she whisper to him with that peculiar tone of voice which Nature gives to the breath of May and to a woman in love, and say:

"Sweetest darling, you have lost your mother, 'tis true; but, love, I have prayed the gods and Buddhas to let this humble me fill her place in your heart!"

Oh, that *shoji!*—of pure, white, and semi-transparent paper! Could she but open it; break through it; trample it down! But, no!

Seasons scattered with sere leaves and budded again into flowers. A strange, a very strange thing was happening in that little study, within the heart of Ashida.

"Now my mother knows it all. Yes, even unto the bottom secrets of my heart!"

This was the thought which drove him from the mortuary tablet of his mother. This it was that filled him with all that fertile Remorse could give birth to.

Having deceived her through her life-days, he could not pray for forgiveness now that she was dead.

"Mother, mother; oh, august mother!——"

After calling her, he had nothing to say to her.

Sometimes, as he prostrated himself before his mother's mortuary tablet, the agony of heart and the storm of his mind proved too much for his strength. He would fall into troubled dreams in the posture of prayer before the *ihai*, the tablet. Then he would awake with a start. He had dreamed of Shino, happy by his side, wearing a necklace of cherry-blossoms which he had woven for her, looking like the very fay of spring translated into a bloom fairer than a flower.

Then suddenly a gulf would open between Shino and him. No, no ferryman could punt him across it—it can never, never be! Standing on the verge, looking into the gulf a while, his soul would recoil, fainting and losing all interests in life—paralyzed. And so stood that charming little study of Ashida, set jewel-like amid the flowers of four seasons and tomblike in its exclusiveness. Only one person was admitted there—Priest Raiyen.

Many a night whitened on the *shoji* as they discussed the mystic philosophy of Vagrakkehedika together.

"Are you happy, my friend?" the priest would ask.

Then, turning that blank pallor of a stoic face, Ashida would answer:

"Holy teacher of Law, I am the most wretched of mortals. Neither the Buddha nor the gods afford me that pence which they grant to the simplest of peasants."

"And your philosophies?"

"They but distract."

"Seek, my friend, the *an shin ritsu mei* through the contemplation of the deep thoughts of Buddha and the heaping of merits."

A sad smile—that was the least and the most that Ashida could do for his friend, Priest Raiyen.

IV

ONE year after the death of his mother the priest brought him a sealed letter.

"Since you are not happy, my friend," began the priest, and told him the story of the letter.

The veritable message from the dead—a voice clear out of Future!

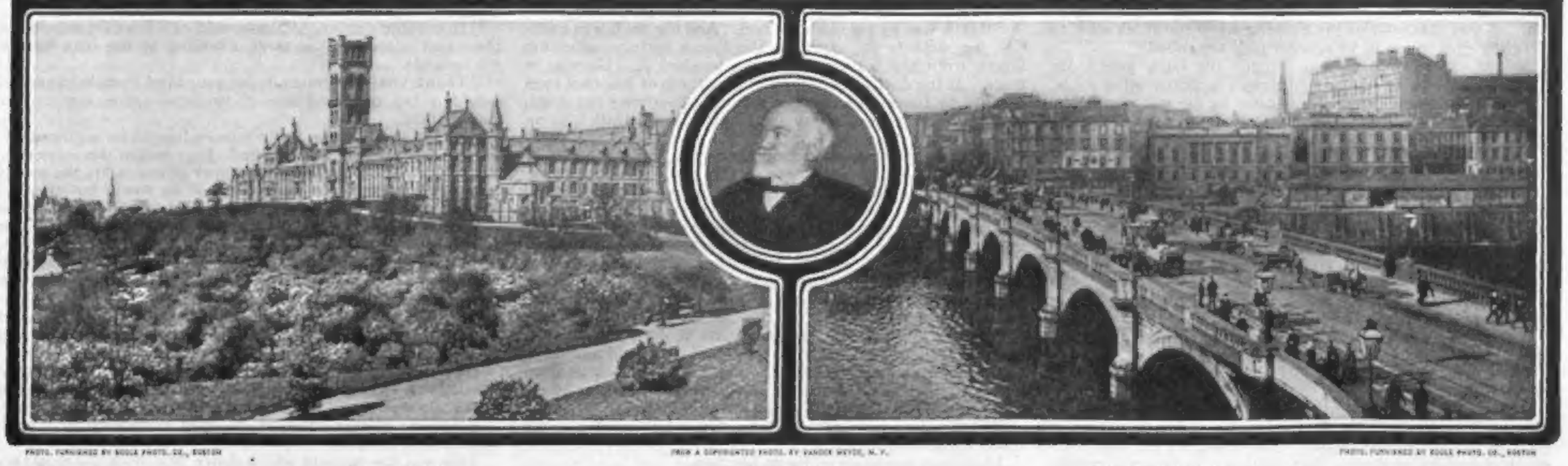
> *To my son, Ashida Tadanori:* While on earth, while the breaths were within me and I could speak to you, I lacked one thing—courage. Forgive your mother, will you not? She had, as you see, all the weaknesses of a mother—of a woman.
>
> I knew them well, your worshipful regards, your heart-leanings toward Shiuo. And really it was not necessary for me to have seen the starlight fall upon you together through the sieve of the weeping willows by the lake. An old woman who had lived in the days that had died before you were born, and of which you could only dream, is naturally full of strange thoughts—unreasonable vanities—and so forgive your mother.
>
> Now I can see things clearer, in the purer light—in the land of Bosatsu. And therefore, I not only permit, but will it, that you and Shino be happy together.
>
> On you both be your mother's blessings and the holy benediction of Buddhas and gods! FROM MOTHER.

*Of course he forgot everything and took her into his arms*

## Some Recent Odd Patents

THE summer season suggests all sorts of means of waylaying the pestiferous insects of the city and country. Numerous inventors have applied for patents on schemes for destroying the black, hard-shelled bugs which congregate about the electric lights in cities and are a terror and something of a menace to pedestrians. One inventor has secured Government protection on an insect trap which is literally a bug-house. This is a shell of translucent material framed in the shape of a small house. Some sort of poisonous powder is placed in the inside, and the outside of the house is smeared with an adhesive composition. The equipment of the home furnishes a vast field for the inventor. One of the most interesting of the recent inventions of home comforts is that of a New Yorker who has invented a glass bathtub made to set in a false bottom which acts as a hot-water passage.

# CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO SCOTLAND



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## By Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T.

**Lord Rector of Edinburgh University**
**Trustee of Carnegie Fund**

THE request is made to me that I shall endeavor to forecast what will be the real effect of Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gift to the universities of Scotland, and to say how far there is any foundation for the doubts and misgivings which have been expressed regarding it.

It would be idle to deny that when first announced apprehensions were felt in some quarters lest the gift, generous as it was, might have the effect of "pauperizing Scotland." To others it seemed that, inasmuch as the gift concerned itself only with education, it could not by any possibility have that effect. I propose to examine the lines of thought upon which these divergent theories are based, and can probably do so best by making an endeavor to indicate the place which the Carnegie Trust will occupy in the system of Scottish national education.

I think I can show that it will work out a real and solid benefit quite apart from any points of controversy, and that, thanks largely to Mr. Carnegie's clear-sighted discernment, some very real dangers have been avoided.

For the purpose indicated it is not necessary to attempt a comparison with the educational system of any other country. Comparisons are never welcome, and they have dangers of their own. Analogies also are apt to be misleading, because the history and circumstances of two countries are seldom so nearly alike as to make us certain how far the analogy is fair.

Let us then look only at the circumstances and position of Scotland as we find them to-day. What have we in Scotland hitherto done in making education free, and how far in that direction have we gone? In the first place, to all except a small minority whose circumstances are such as to make the fee an infinitesimal burden, elementary education is free. In other words, elementary education in Scotland is free to all who wish to have it. The exact figures taken from the latest official returns establish this proposition.

For the year ending with March, 1900, the number of scholars on the register of schools on the grant list of the Scottish Education Department was 747,933; of these only about 22,000 were being educated in schools which exacted fees or in those which did not claim the grant in relief of fees. To this number there must be added a few hundred to account for those who attend private schools, maintained for the upper classes of society, but the fact remains that free elementary education is given to the children of at least ninety-seven per cent. of the Scottish people.

### The Soundness of the Free Education Policy

I desire to respect the opinions of those who doubt whether this is an unmixed blessing, but I myself am entirely convinced of the soundness of the principles which underlie the policy thus adopted. The state has made it the duty of each locality in combination with its own action to provide adequate elementary education. It has also required each parent to send his child to school. By sending his child to school he does not add to the burden which the locality has to bear, for the school must be there. If the pupil is withdrawn the only result is that the cost for each of those that remain is fractionally increased, and it seems an almost necessary corollary to forcing the child into the school which must be provided that it should be entered free.

When we consider higher education, a different set of considerations present themselves. No locality is required to build a higher school: no parent is forced by law to give his son higher education. The conditions which make free elementary education an almost necessary conclusion are therefore absent when we come to secondary education. On the other hand, we know that by Scottish tradition no locality will be satisfied unless it has the means for higher education within its borders and within easy reach. It is probably not going too far to say that the great majority of Scottish parents desire to give their children some higher education.

In the absence of compulsion there cannot be said to be the same claim on the part of the parent to have higher education provided free for his child at the public expense. If he profits by the existence of a school supported by the special efforts of his neighbors, it is altogether right that whatever share he can pay he ought to pay. But I claim for the Scottish people that if businesslike in such matters we are also generous. We know that it is sound public policy to make the best of good material, and that we must not stint the training of clever but poor boys. We have therefore used our endowments to a large extent to enable boys who are clever, but whose parents are, relatively speaking, poor, to get the benefit of such secondary schools.

### The Money Spent for Higher Education

Great efforts have been made in this direction both in the case of those schools which are really secondary in the stricter sense of the term, and also by means of higher departments attached to selected public or State-aided schools in those districts for which a secondary school is not available.

On the other hand, we have, so to speak, had to cut our coat according to our cloth. There are two things to be done if the higher schools are to be opened to those who cannot pay. Not only must the barrier of payment be removed, but the schools must also be properly equipped: it is no boon to offer only an open door to a poorly-equipped school.

The following figures may be taken as a fairly accurate representation of the existing state of affairs, although the figures represent, of course, only an approximate estimate.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Endowments for secondary education | £150,000 | per annum |
| Amounts available under Acts of 1890, 1892 and 1896 | 160,000 | " " |
| Rates (say) | 25,000 | " " |
| Fees and books (say) | 80,000 | " " |
| Total (say) | £415,000 | " " |

But in this total of £415,000 is included all that is given (from endowments) for free scholarships and bursaries—not merely what is spent in maintaining secondary schools.

In the case of higher-class *public* (that is, board) schools, the following figures are approximately correct:

| | |
|---|---|
| Total expenditure | £110,000 |
| Attendance | 8,300 |
| Average cost per capita | £14 |
| Of which the fees produce about | 4 |

So that about £10 out of £14 (the cost per capita) is provided by public funds of one sort or another in the higher-class schools under boards.

In higher-class schools of the endowed class (not under school boards) the figures are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Attendance (rather higher than in the higher-class public schools) | 8,600 |
| Average cost per capita (certainly not less than in public schools) | £14 |
| Of which fees produce about | 5 |

So that about £9 out of £14 (the cost per capita) is provided by public funds of one sort or another in the endowed schools.

In saying that the fees of pupils amount to about £5 a head, it is not intended to suggest that all pupils who pay pay the same fee. Many pay much larger amounts, so that in fact those who can afford it may be said, by means of high fees, to pay the whole cost of their education. Some again who could not do without the further assistance are (by means of bursaries) recouped not only their outlay on fees, but are enabled to live, while foregoing for the sake of their education the value of their labor. Because it must not be forgotten that the higher we go in the educational ladder the less relatively does the fee form the chief barrier which stands in the way of the poor student. Other considerations have to be taken into account. Food and clothing must be provided, and the fact of his having to forego for the sake of study what he might gain by labor involves to some one on his behalf a heavy sacrifice.

Now turn to the universities. To throw their doors open without fee is only one part, and perhaps the least important part, of the object to be attained. For them also there are two things to be done; and it is well to take them in the order of their importance. In the first place, let the universities be great, well equipped and worthy of their name. In the next place, let their advantages be open to all who are fitted to profit by what they offer.

In this sphere, even more than the case of the secondary schools, the first and main object ought to be to make the universities really worthy of their name. This is not only very costly, but it is year by year more costly and more difficult. New demands are made upon them. Subjects which were formerly treated together have to be subdivided. Each advance in science opens new vistas of research. Each new conquest in the material world forms a starting point for new experiments. Scientific investigation demands every day new specialists for its exposition, new equipment for its illustration. The arrangements which were satisfactory only a few years ago now lag far behind the requirements of the scientific world of to-day. On the other hand, of those who are fitted to profit by university training the proportion who are able to make the sacrifices necessary to prolong their studies becomes smaller and smaller, and the number who require assistance becomes greater.

To enable the man with narrow means to go to the university it is not enough if you pay only his fees; if in addition to what is already done for the rich man you also pay his fees, it is too much. The rich man does now get a great benefit in the buildings, in the equipment, and (when they are so applied) in the endowments; by these things there is provided at a moderate fee what he could not get for himself. But the poor man wants more than his fee; he must be helped to live and to make the sacrifice of the produce of his labor without being a burden to his own family circle.

Such considerations as these being present to the minds of all who take an interest in and have real knowledge of Scottish university matters, it is not, I think, surprising that on the first announcement of Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gift some misgivings were felt and were expressed.

The form in which that announcement appeared was unauthorized and not a little misleading, and to this fact must be attributed some of the criticisms which were made in the period which necessarily elapsed before accurate and complete information could be given.

### Scotland Embarrassed by Mr. Carnegie's Gift

There was not, at any time, any want of genuine appreciation of Mr. Carnegie's generosity, but, as one writer put it, the gratitude of the Scottish people was "not without a touch of embarrassment—of that embarrassment which a handsome and unexpected gift is apt to bring." It was felt that merely to pay the fees of all who desire to receive a university education, even of those who beyond all question are able to pay, to whom it was no real sacrifice to pay, was not a satisfactory method of disposing of so large a sum of money. It was felt also that if the making of university education free were to result in largely increasing the number of those who took advantage of it, the result might even be to cripple and weaken the institutions themselves. From what has been already said it will be obvious that if the fees received by a university cover only a third or a fourth of what the university has to provide, and if the number of students were suddenly increased, one of two things must happen: either the balance of cost must be made up from some other source, or the standard of university education would almost certainly be pulled down.

There were also considerations of how so great a change would affect the fortunes of the extramural schools, and of the technical colleges and other institutions which do work of a kind in some respects similar to that of the universities. It was foreseen, too, that the position of the secondary schools would be made extremely difficult if they had free elementary education on one side of them and free university education on the other. The facts as to these schools have been given, and it has been shown that at present about £80,000 a year is paid in fees at these institutions. To enable them to hold their own in the new state of affairs these payments would

have to be swept away, and from what source could a deficiency of that amount, representing as it does the interest on something like £2,500,000, have been made up? It was felt that if any new money had to be provided for the secondary schools it would be more wisely and more worthily spent in improving their equipment than in abolishing the very moderate payment now demanded for entrance within their walls.

Having regard to considerations such as these, it was by no means surprising that apprehensions were expressed lest Mr. Carnegie's munificence should result in throwing our national system of education out of gear; nor do I say that what is involved in the idea expressed by the word "pauperizing" was impossible. I think it would have been pauperizing if it had been said to all: "If you come to the university, you *must* come without paying; we shall not take your money, which might help to equip and to benefit the university; we shall only say the benches are free; we care more for having you come free than for the educational sustenance you will find when you get here."

### *Free Tuition for Poor Students Only*

It is a very different thing to say that with one hand we shall provide money enough to secure the fees without any private examination into means for all who ask them, and that with the other hand we shall vastly enhance the benefit which the university can confer. We shall trespass on no man's private affairs, we shall offend no individual pride, but we shall do what we can to make sure that no man goes without the highest training for want of the money to secure it.

In other words, the benefits of that part of the scheme which provides fees are for those students to whom the payment of fees would be a barrier; it is not that the sons of well-to-do parents should accept a free passport to the university. I believe a middle course has been steered which will avoid all these varying difficulties.

No fees will be paid for those who have not reached a proper standard of merit, and are not intellectually fit to benefit by university training. This it is not difficult to secure. The Executive Committee will certainly take good care that this provision does not become a dead letter.

Nor is this magnificent gift one which ought to be treated as an indiscriminate charity, of the benefits of which rich and poor alike are free to avail themselves. On this point the trust deed itself is silent; perhaps no hard and fast regulations could be framed which would provide against all the difficulties involved or settle all the delicate questions which might arise. None the less is the point important, not only in itself but also in its bearing upon the national character.

To charge the Executive Committee with the irksome duty of investigating all claims and of discriminating between them would be to place upon that body an impossible task, and to make the attempt would be to rob the gift of all its grace. Indeed, it would most probably prevent from advancing any claim some whom it is specially right to help.

### *Wise Provisions of Mr. Carnegie's Gift*

The matter is a very delicate one, and I am convinced that Mr. Carnegie has dealt with it in a manner that is absolutely wise and tactful. He has refused to lay down—or even to indicate—any rule of discrimination. In his letter to Lord Elgin of June 7, 1901, he says:

> My desire throughout has been that no capable student should be debarred from attending the university on account of the payment of fees. I believe that the conditions of application insure a sufficient standard of merit, and I hope that the honest pride for which my countrymen are distinguished will prevent claims from those who do not require assistance, and that the invidious task of inquiring into the circumstances of each candidate need not be imposed on the Trustees. But, further to mark my personal belief and hope in this matter, I have made provision in the trust deed that the Trustees may receive funds from others to be administered along with the funds placed by me. I consider this a valuable clause, believing, from my own experience with young men, that some students in after life may value the privilege of repaying advances received from the Trustees, although these are free gifts. I hope the Trustees will gladly welcome such repayments, if offered, as this will enable such students as prefer to do so to consider the payments made on their account merely as advances which they resolve to repay if ever in a position to do so, and that this will protect and foster the spirit of manly independence so dear to the Scot.

He thus has imposed the task of judging when an application should be made, not on his Trustees, but on each individual applicant. In other words, he trusts his countrymen. If unwarranted claims are put forward the responsibility will not rest upon any laxity in the rules of the administrators of the Trust, but upon unconscientious action on the part of individuals. If help is necessary in order that any student may obtain university education, or that he may obtain it without undue burden, and without adding to the hardship or privations of others, then the help of this Trust can be claimed, not only rightly but as a matter of duty. Those who could well afford to pay may, it is true, still make the claim, and need fear no exposure. They will have to answer only to their own consciences. In a sense Scotsmen are made the trustees and administrators of the gift. This action will largely determine what part (subject to the deed) will be claimed as fees and what surplus will remain to extend the range and usefulness of the universities. The Trustees can only await the result. Opinions vary as to the proportion of students who will claim the benefit. As to this I venture no prophecy; but it will be a matter of singular interest as a test of national character to see what the proportion will be.

If the proportion be large I shall certainly not from that fact alone rashly assume that claims have been unwarrantably put forward. No man dare say that without knowing what hadships have been suffered in the past to pay those fees. But this at least must be said, that Mr. Carnegie has paid the highest compliment to Scottish character in the confidence which he has shown; it is my belief that confidence will not be abused.

In conclusion, I venture to say that Mr. Carnegie's foresight and his prudent and well-balanced judgment have conferred upon Scotland not one benefit, but two; though he has made it certain that none of her sons will be debarred from a university education he has made it possible for her universities to hold their own and meet the great demands made upon them by the new conditions which modern life is forcing upon them.

At the same time, it may be that, though he has refused to subscribe to any extreme theories on either side, he has prepared the way for great changes in Scottish education, but if so he has done it with no dislocation of national traditions, and he has respected national pride.

# THE END OF THE DEAL—A Romance of the Wheat Pit—By Will Payne

Author of The Story of Eva

TENTH CHAPTER

WELLS awoke abruptly. There was shouting and stamping of feet in the corridor where the janitor's forces were at work. It was broad daylight. His first impression was of the sudden burst of the new day. An immense fear seized him. He had an appalling sensation of sinking and he gripped the arms of the chair, his wide eyes staring out. He realized at once that it was the opening of the crucial day. He got up lamely, with some astonishment over that awful visitation of fear. He was stiff and cramped. There was an odd lameness in his neck as though he had been hanged. He dragged his heavy limbs across to a restaurant. The food and two cups of strong coffee put him on his feet—but that horrible visitation of fear! He was still astonished over it.

The day came on with a rush. When the first telegraph operator came in the broker called up New York and arranged to disseminate that canard about a big purchase of wheat for export to France. Another operator came in and the two instruments kept up a busy metallic clicking as messages passed to New York and Minneapolis.

Some traders dropped in, looking at the posted telegrams, glancing at the newspapers, gossiping about the market, about politics, about horse races, still full of the cheer of breakfast and with freshened nerves for the new day. Up and down La Salle Street the brokers' offices were filling up, the brisk telegraph instruments were clicking incessantly. The telephone lines were busy bringing in messages to buy, to sell. The clerks were at their places. Floor brokers were hastily looking over their orders.

The stock tickers started to life, buzzing and grinding out their endless tapes. Opening quotations from Wall Street were put on the blackboards. The crowds stopped gossiping and watched the figures.

May wheat opened at 91¾. The game had begun. Wells, crossing the office floor with a telegram in his hand, heard the opening price—a quarter up.

Three traders in a group in the middle of the floor were discussing that big order for France.

"You see the price," said Wells, with calm assurance. "They've got to have this wheat. The world can't eat bear theories. Its got to have wheat."

Not one of the traders saw anything unusual in the old broker's manner.

He left the office without haste and went up to the trading-hall. The wheat pit was aswarm with brokers whose shouts and gestures were unintelligible to the uninitiated. Wells skirted the crowd and saw nothing to dissatisfy him. The market was strong, advancing. The bears had begun to buy just as he wished. The trick was working. One of his men found him, bringing a telegram from Minneapolis. It said: "Market higher. Looks strong." This was as he had planned. He gave the man an order to buy in Minneapolis in order to help on the strength there. He found that only a little wheat had been delivered on May contracts. This was in his favor. The intoxication mounted to his brain. He was aware in every nerve that the crucial moment had come. But he kept his head clear by a kind of iron power. The price advanced a cent. He judged that the time had come, and he gave the order to sell through those various agencies which he had carefully prearranged. The trick was to dump his wheat on the market while the excitement lasted; to slip from under his crushing load before the traders could find out what he was about. He stood at the edge of the wheat pit in the swaying skirt of the crowd while the selling for his account began. Still the market was strong, excited. The buying continued in full force. His wheat was taken readily. He felt his pulses pumping and a strong lift in his nerves. The trick was winning.

As he turned away he was aware of that lameness in his neck as though he had been hanged, and he remembered with a dim surprise, as at something vague, far off, that dreadful, inexplicable fear.

Downstairs in the corridor he stopped to buy a cigar. Two of his customers came up and began talking about the market. Wells was willing to talk, as a general jokes in the tense leisure of a battle which is going his way. Besides, he knew that his words, repeated by these men, would have some effect. Thus ten minutes passed.

Entering his office he nearly collided with one of his clerks who was rushing out with a telegram to find him. Wells saw the excitement in the young man's face as he reached for the message. It was from Minneapolis and it read: "Flood of wheat coming out here. Market seems likely to break."

The broker looked down gravely at the yellow sheet. Had some one anticipated his stratagem? He walked over deliberately to the ticker which gave the quotations from upstairs and at a glance he saw that the character of the market was changing. The upward movement was checked. The prices came lower. He stood by the ticker, watching the figures with a terrible fascination. Another Minneapolis message was handed him: "Bowles is selling openly."

Yes, of course it was Bowles!

His own selling was going on upstairs; but somebody else was

*She stood, the garment in her hands, staring down into the bag*

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of August 24.

—by the hour shuffling and distributing the cards

selling faster. The price was melting away with frightful rapidity. It came, 92, 91¾, 91½, 91¼. This would soon be a rout, a panic. He gave word to stop the selling on his account. At once the market hesitated, rallied a little, turned feebly upward. In the hope of bringing about another advance, of definitely turning back the tide, Wells began to buy. But the Minneapolis messages kept coming the same: "Bowles selling openly." Soon every one knew it. The miller was selling. More wheat was delivered on the May contracts. New York wired a denial of the report that a big shipment was to be made to France. The market turned downward again. The selling continued. The price sank. Wells felt the trap closing in upon him. He sent his own men upstairs to buy more in order to check the rout. He knew that he was taking desperate chances. His resources were already utterly exhausted. He could not pay for the wheat that he was buying, nor advance the margins on it unless the market should turn his way. He was using his credit to rob other men, making trades with them which he could not carry out. If the market kept against him he might ruin them as well as himself. And as though his buying were a signal the selling doubled. They had oceans of wheat to offer. The price still sank. It must be Bowles who was doing it. The broker felt the miller's vast power steadily closing in upon him, tightening about him with its slow, irresistible coils. The miller's heel was upon his neck at last. An uncontrollable rage seized him. He gave orders to buy right and left, knowing it was simple robbery. If they drove him into a corner so much the worse for them! There was nothing left of him except the will to fight.

Still the oceans of wheat poured out. His reckless buying could not stop the rout. The coils tightened, tightened, crushing the life out of him. At one o'clock Bowles gave out a cablegram from France disposing of the canard. The word went round: "It was a trick gotten up by Wells." Wheat dropped to eighty-five cents.

Wells went into his den, his lean figure with its habitual stoop, his hands hanging at his side, his eyes glaring down without seeing anything. An implacable fury, in which that inexplicable visitation of fear was strangely blent, possessed his mind.

"I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" he said over and over to himself.

### ELEVENTH CHAPTER

THE Wells summer place at Lake Winnebago was built long before the house on Illinois Boulevard—a simple, comfortable cottage, standing alone in the midst of the wood, about half-way from the village railway station to the spacious procession of parks and villas along the lake shore where the later, more pretentious comers have made their summer places. From the bench before the cottage the long reach of red-tile roof capping Bowles' chateau is visible through the tree-tops.

The road from the village to the chateau and the villas lies along the lake shore, and is bordered with shrubs most of the way. From the shore the land rises in a thick wood, here full of underbrush, there cleared and carpeted over with sparse, pale wild grass.

There is another road, a mere rude wagon track, higher up the slope, walking along which one is in the heart of the wood, with the water of the lake shining down below through the tree-trunks and bushes.

The sun was setting as Wells walked along the road, bag in hand. A serene, mysterious life filled the woods, giving its veiled voice in the sounds of insects and birds, suspiring in the warm, damp air which was full of the smells of growing things. This serene, mysterious life touched the old broker's bound spirit. He dimly felt a great, calm, impersonal, indifferent nature which offered him everything and left him free to choose as he pleased.

A kind of light entered his bound mind whereby for a moment he saw himself in relation to all things, and he thought: "No, surely, I will not do this idiotic thing. How silly and pitiful for one old man to kill another. That would be dreadful, and so foolish!"

This had come to him dimly several times before—when he was buying the things in his bag and when he was talking to the friendly passenger on the train; but never so clearly as now.

It comforted him to think that he could go down and throw the bag into the water. He walked along for a moment quite happy in this thought—that at any time he could climb down and throw the bag into the water.

He presently felt again the serene mysterious life of the wood calmly observing him, indifferent to what he did. In a moment his heart clutched together; the leaden fear came upon him. He could not throw the bag into the water. He had no power to climb down from the upper road, swing forth his arm and open his fingers. His will was locked. Well, if they drove him into a corner so much the worse for them. That cursed Bowles, who had ruined him! He walked on, a lean, stooped figure, hurrying along the rude wood-road.

Laura sat on the bench before the cottage, watching the lower road. Wells was almost upon her before she saw him. She sprang up in a flutter of surprise, and ran to meet him.

"Why, father!" she cried. Her arm slipped around him as she kissed him, her eyes shining at him. "How did you happen to come? Why didn't you let us know? I'd have met you at the station. Isn't mother coming, too? Just a little lark of your own? Bob's down at the village. You must have come by the wood-road. I was watching the shore-road for Bob. I'm so surprised—and glad!"

Her speech bubbled forth in a happy effervescence. The old broker felt her joy in the way she kissed him, in her shining eyes, in the very motion of her limbs as she walked beside him, in everything about her. He felt her bright grace shining into his dark world.

"I'm glad," she repeated. "I was lonesome to see you—really." From her glance, and the slight smiling which touched a dimple in her cheek, he understood what she meant. He felt the unconscious coquetry of a thoroughly happy woman, fondly reproaching him a little for not having let her love him, eager in her own happiness to make him happy. They came to the bench. "Sit down until Bob comes," she said; "I'll run and see if the room is ready for you. Let me take your bag."

Without resistance, almost before he knew it, the bag was in her hand; she was carrying it to the house.

He dropped to the bench with one strange, swift look at his empty hand. How light it felt with that burden gone! How light his mind felt! He began thinking vaguely that they might arrange to live there with her through the summer. He had a hungry wish that Susan were there.

It occurred to him presently that Laura did not know of his scandalous failure on 'Change, with which by this time the city was clamorous; and it came to him with a start of surprise that the failure was only a few hours old. Yet it seemed to have happened so long ago!

Meantime Laura was upstairs putting the room to rights. The bag stood on a chair. In the wish to do all she could for her father, to render every little affectionate service, she started to unpack it. She sprung the catch, opened the bag wide and lifted out a nightgown. A sudden, startled arrest locked her nerves. She stood, the garment in her hands, staring down into the bag. A revolver lay there, ugly, ominous in its passive deadliness. The polished tube of steel, with its crooked handle, held her eyes—a thing so hateful, murderous, so far from her habit. Her startled mind asked: "Why should father be carrying that?" She shuddered a little without exactly knowing why. She could not bring herself to touch it, and as though she had uncovered a detestable secret she hastily returned the garment to its place and closed the bag.

Hastening downstairs, still nervous and shaken, she went to the kitchen to see how the dinner was coming on; and in this commonplace occupation the equilibrium of her mind was presently restored. To have a revolver was no such extraordinary thing. She even laughed at herself for her fears. Her nervousness passed.

The matter of the dinner detained her for some time. When she returned to the bench it was growing dusk. Robert was very late. Her fondness began to create fears for him. She talked to her dumb father; but now and then she leaned forward, peering toward the shore-road through the gathering dusk; now and then her speech showed the absent mind.

"Why, what can have made him so late?" she said. "Of course it's quite safe here. Still, there are tramps about. You know, they held up a man on the other side of the lake last week. One ought to use some caution. Robert himself spoke of it last night when we were sitting here. You know Mr. Bowles still comes up on the 8:45 and walks home along the shore-road. I don't think he ought to—do you? And he said he'd be back for dinner at seven. Of course he's all right—only I wish he'd come. Shall we eat now, or wait?"

"Let's wait," said Wells.

He heard his own voice sounding in the dark. Her fear infected him in a strange way. Something vast, mysterious, impersonal, full of fate moved in the darkening wood. He felt it moving and was aware of a little, hot, quick, rodent-like fear of it as he sat speechless, staring into the dusk. Pictures came and went in his brain—the wheat pit—Holiday on that wintry morning and Holiday on the street corner—four fellow-brokers to whom he had given buying orders coming into his office when his failure was noised about and cursing him for a thief. All the time that living thing moved in the dark wood, drawing him on, observing him.

Presently Laura got up to ease her nerves and went to the house, where she tried to busy herself for a few moments. She came back, stood by the bench awhile, really frightened now; then went away toward the shore, where any moving figure on the road would show against a patch of shining water. Wells watched her go, leaving him with his fate.

When she came back she saw that her father had left the bench. Entering the house, she encountered him coming out. The rays of the hall lamp fell upon the two faces turned to each other in a swift, wordless glance. An indefinable shock passed through the woman. In the set look of the older face, with eyes singularly leaden, yet bloodshot, she thought she read a fear for Robert, justifying her own fear. She could not speak—as though speaking would bring forth the fear into an accomplished tragedy. Wells went out. Laura dropped into a chair, looking about her, trying to control her fear and think of something to do. She heard the far, faint whistle of the Chicago train—the 8:45.

It may have been two minutes later that she heard the strong, rapid step on the porch, sprang up, and rushed into her husband's arms.

### TWELFTH CHAPTER

WITH Bob in her arms, strong and sound under the cosy light of their lamp, all her fears instantly became a dear joke—as though gay life had for an instant put on a horrid mask, in a prank to frighten her; then whisked it aside, laughing at her for the start she gave. The mask gave a new inspiration, a new zest to joy. She laughed, hugging him and laughing again, smothering him with endearments while she scolded him for staying.

Then she saw there was something else. Harper took a folded newspaper from his pocket.

"Your father's failed, Laura," he began; and he told her briefly what had happened. At once she understood her father's unexpected appearance. She stood looking up at her husband, wordless, stricken through and through with pity.

"Oh, poor father! Poor papa! He's here, Bob, you know. He came here. Poor father!"

"Here? But your mother telegraphed. They gave me the wire at the station. That's what kept me. Strange—nobody saw him. He must have jumped off at the water tank. Your mother wired to know if he were here."

"Then she doesn't know! You must go back at once, Bob, and wire her. At once, Bob! She doesn't know where he is. Go at once, dear. Poor papa! He came to me—came to me in this trouble. How I love him!" At once she remembered. She clapped her hands to her face; dropped them; stood looking at her husband a statue of remorse.

"Oh, I've failed! I've failed again!" she cried. "He came to me. I've failed! I was so full of you, so anxious about you, I almost forgot him. Maybe he's gone away again. Maybe I've let him go away again. We'll find him! I'll go with you!" It occurred to her that he might not have gone away. "You look for him at the station, in the village, Bob. Go to the hotel. Inquire. If you find him, make him come back. I'll wait there. We'll surely find him. But wire mother first."

In her eagerness she forgot the dinner. When Harper set off she ran out to the bench. It was empty. She returned to the house. In a moment she picked up the evening paper at which she had barely glanced. Even the headlines told her more than Harper had said. She read hastily, but enough to see that it was more than simple failure. It was utter ruin, disgrace, dishonor. She read of Holiday's accusation and of the fellow-brokers who had cursed Wells in his office. She dropped the paper, trembling, her lips apart, her face colorless, staring into a void. In the void there slowly gathered and took form an open traveling-bag.

At the door of Wells' room she struck a match, steadying herself with one hand on the door-jamb and peering in. The swift light brought out various familiar things—the bureau, chairs, the untouched bed. The room was still and empty. She lit the gas and turned to the bag, her heart laboring to beat. The revolver was gone.

Rushing downstairs and out-of-doors, bare-headed, she took to the wood-road without any reason, running as fast as she could over the difficult footing, striving to see through the gloom, every instant yearning with wild anxiety toward the human figure erect or prostrate which might be revealed out of each patch of shadow ahead or aside. The dark was populous with this solitary figure which faded each instant from her breathless haste. Bodily fatigue and the mockery of the dusk which each moment silently engulfed the object of her search, imposed a certain perception of the order and relationship of things upon her distracted mind. Why in this direction rather than another? Still she hurried on from the original impulse. The dark and silence of the wood lay about her. Here she stumbled. Now and then an overhanging bough, dewily fragrant, whipped her face like a feeler of the still, mysterious life within the wood reaching out to take account of her. Everywhere this wide, serene summer night, silent in its intense secret life, seemed to know what she wanted and indifferently to hide it from her.

She dragged wearily back to the cottage. The endless shadows were saturated with an impenetrable and sentient repose. The dark shapes of trees in the front yard seemed never to have stirred since time was—yet to watch. The house itself was now dark, its dim form holding itself far and indifferently remote from her. Her limbs were heavy, but she had not found him. Everywhere the still dark, within some of whose impenetrable folds the tragedy was happening, baffled her search. It knew—it knew—but she could not find out.

She climbed up the steps and opened the front door, calling to the maid. There was no answer. Robert was not there. The tragedy had devoured them all. She crept upstairs to her father's room. Again the swift light brought up the familiar objects—the bureau, chairs, the untouched bed. The inanimate repose of those homely things seemed to allege her loss. Their cruel changelessness held the secret, as though they were his body immutably resolved into that silent, sentient world which had swallowed him up.

She lay, cuddled and shivering, wide-eyed, on the hall lounge when sounds of human life abruptly invaded the silent, sentient void—the breaking of twigs, a muffled noise of horses, a subdued voice. At the door she made out a carriage standing in the rough road before the cottage; human figures bearing a burden.

They brought him in—Bowles, Robert and a servant—and laid him on the lounge.

She made out that Robert had come up with them just before they reached the house. Bowles was still explaining it to him.

"I was walking home, you know," he said, "and I thought I saw somebody by a clump of bushes. The man stepped out. It was Wells. I stopped short. He had a pistol. He lifted it up. I couldn't say anything; I just looked at him. He turned it to his own breast and fired. I couldn't say anything, you know. I just looked at him. He aimed at himself. It was just where the road turns from the shore."

The miller's voice broke and trembled over these short, labored utterances. His broad face was perfectly white. He stared from one to the other. In the intervals of laboring speech his nether lip hung loose, slightly quivering.

"He stepped out in front of me——" the miller repeated it, dreadfully shaken, half stupefied by his agitation. His fearing eye glanced down at the form on the lounge.

The old broker's composed and colorless face seemed to scorn the miller's agitation. Serene with its locked secrets and this final secret of death, it seemed to take an immortal triumph at last over Bowles with all his luck and power and money.

"The doctor must be here!" Bowles was crying in his agitation.

Laura sat beside the couch. In her first perception she had caught the faint movement of the breast, the slight sigh, the quiver of the lip. She had scarcely heeded anything else. Life was still here. Her whole concern bent itself to that with single, tense regard. Without an exclamation or so much as a gesture she sat beside the couch, holding his inert hand, her eyes bent upon his face. His life had been brought back to her out of the mystery. The composed, colorless features, with their strange effect of scorn, locked in all his secrets. He whom love had missed lay in the state of his impenetrable solitude. What far, lonely, secret ways he had gone. The woman bent over him, her eyes yearning with the will to bring him home.

### THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

WELLS sat on the bench before the cottage, the hot woods droning under a July sun. Mrs. Wells sat just within the screen door to the hall, looking out every moment or two at the lean, bent, solitary figure.

The broker's bodily strength had returned slowly. The town house was closed and advertised for sale. Back in that teeming hive they were sweeping up the last litter of the failure which had already passed into history, excepting now and then for a belated wail over the meagreness of the débris. Wells had not been to town. There was no attempt to disturb him here. He had already passed from the stage, which was busy with other actors. His wife and daughter had been beside him continually. But now that he was stronger and able to get about they were no longer near him.

The little fiction which Bowles and Robert and the doctor had made up about an attack by a highwayman had been accepted politely, simply because it was so hopelessly transparent. Every one knew that the ruined broker had attempted suicide.

When the strength began coming back to his limbs it brought in the inextinguishable shame of this fact. The failure was tolerable. Plenty of other men failed. But the humiliation of having attempted suicide! No one could know the dark struggle of his spirit which issued in turning the weapon against himself instead of against Bowles. But even the two loving women who watched by his bed—their tender solicitude seemed to pity him for a weak, idiotic old man who had tried ineffectually to kill himself like a lovesick girl.

In his shame he wished to be alone. The whims of a convalescent must be humored, and the two loving, anxious women sadly gave him his way.

But the last two weeks a more alarming symptom had appeared. Daily Wells spent hours locked in his room. The helpless mother and daughter, met with the hard armor of his old aloofness and abstraction, knew what it meant. They already saw him giving himself back into the coils of his passion. They imagined him, in his locked room, spending hours scheming, devising, plotting, meditating, planning a stroke to recover his fortune, putting forth his practiced old mind in preparations for a new campaign.

Wells arose from the bench and entered the house, stubbornly avoiding his wife's anxious eye and ignoring Laura's call. He mounted the stairs with labor and went to his room.

Half an hour later Laura went up noiselessly, as she had gone up before. But this time a narrow crack appeared between the edge of the door and the casing. He had forgotten to lock himself in. She put her hand to the door and entered the room, her heart beating high.

Wells sat in a large old rocking-chair beside the window. A broad lap-board lay across his knees. He had a deck of cards and was playing solitaire.

*— she sat beside the couch, holding his inert hand, her eyes bent upon his face*

Laura halted abruptly, with an inexpressible shock, dumfounded by this unexpected sight. Wells jerked his head around, his wide eyes startled, defensive, guilty. For a big instant the glances of the father and the daughter hung dumbly together; and the truth lay revealed between them.

The broker's mind, still helpless in his weakness and amid the ruins of his business, but worn to old habits, occupied itself with this childish imitation of the old game. He sat in here by the hour shuffling and distributing the cards, childishly absorbed in the shifts of chance, like a ruined Napoleon playing with tin soldiers.

A dull, pathetic blush colored his lean, wrinkled old cheek in the nakedness of his shame.

"Go away! Go away!" he commanded harshly, but in a voice which trembled. Laura flung herself beside his chair, seized his trembling hands. "No! No! I won't go away, father! I'll never go away again!" She bent over his hands, kissing them, her tears wetting them.

"Go away, girl! Go away!" his shaking voice repeated. "Go away, girl!" His own dry old eyes ran with tears. "I ain't worth it, Laura! I ain't worth it!"

"No! No! Never! Never! I'll never go away again, father!" She still kissed his hands, wet with her tears. "We'll never go away again, father! Mother! Mother!" she called loudly.

(THE END)

## Fallacies About Brain-Work

### By William Mathews

WE HEAR a great deal to-day about excessive brain-work, and we read in the newspapers of frequent breakdowns from that cause. Every week or oftener we are told of some clergyman, leading merchant, or other business man who collapses and has to quit work—perhaps take a trip to Europe and reside there for months or a year—for that reason. College students are reported from time to time as damaging or killing themselves by hard study. We doubt the truth of most of these statements. A knowledge of the facts would show, we believe, that in nine tenths of these cases the cause of the breakdown was not an excess of brain-work, but the lack of something else—such as nutritious food, sleep, bodily exercise and a cheerful temper. The truth is, no organ of the body is tougher than the brain. Hard work alone, pure and simple—apart from anxieties and fear, from forced or voluntary stinting of the body's needed supply of food or sleep and the mind's need of social intercourse—does far more to invigorate the brain than to lessen its strength; does more to prolong life than to cut or fray its thread.

It is the rarest thing in the world for a man to think himself to death, unless his thoughts run for many years in a monotonous rut—which is as detrimental to vigor as a monotonous diet to the digestive functions—or unless his thoughts relate to something very painful, irritating, or distressing. It has been justly said that thought is to the brain what exercise is to the physical organism: it keeps the channels of life clear, the blood-vessels unobstructed, so that the vital fluid courses along them distributing newness of life and vigor of action to the latest hour of existence. On the other hand, the want of thought starves the circulation, and causes men to drivel and sleep in old age—dead to everything but eating and drowsing in the chimney-corner.

If a great lawyer, a leading merchant, manufacturer, railway manager, or editor subjects his nervous system to a ceaseless strain, taking his scanty meals or "pick-me-ups" irregularly and in a hurry—bolting rather than slowly masticating his food and sometimes omitting it altogether, and brooding over perplexing problems late at night, and even after he is in bed—what can be more absurd, when the inevitable crash comes, than to ascribe it to excessive brain-work?

So untrue is it that college students break down from the stress of study on the brain that, other things being equal, the hardest students enjoy the best health. Where one young man, if any, ruins his health by wrestling with mathematical and psychological problems, or with the enigmas of Greek and Latin syntax, bad habits, the strain and excitement of athletic contests, cigars, wine-drinking, and other forms of dissipation, and heavy eating at late hours, undermine the health of hundreds. The two little fingers of Dissipation are often heavier than the loins of Euclid. Professor Pierce, of Harvard, demonstrated this some forty years ago by tables of longevity which showed that the greatest mortality for the first ten years after graduation is found among those who lagged behind in scholarship while in college.

The lives of the great scholars in ancient and modern times show that a student who takes abundant food, sleep and exercise at regular hours, sits down to his meals in a pleasant mood, rests half an hour afterward, recreates himself by frequent rides or walks and commerce with his fellows, may toil over his books ten or twelve hours a day, and yet live happily till he reaches fourscore years, or even longer.

We believe that hundreds of persons who are supposed to have shortened their lives by overwork of the brain would have died far earlier but for their mental labor. Dryden, in his famous portrait of Shaftesbury, pictures him as

> "A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pygmy body to decay."

A fiery soul his, indeed, was; but we are sure that the body's decay was due to disease, not to the intense activity of his brain. The truth is, the author of the Habeas Corpus Act could not move without his crutch, and he suffered daily from illness. Instead of shortening his life, it is probable that his mental activity prolonged it by preventing a morbid brooding over his physical infirmities and pains.

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ARBITRATION always appears to be a most alluring proposition to the under dog.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW says that they are just beginning to understand the Monroe Doctrine in Europe. Had the Senator gone to Spain he would have found people who had taken a post-graduate course in understanding it.

EUROPE has to come to us for wheat when the crop is short and for harvesting machinery when the crop is bountiful. In the game of working both ends and the middle also Uncle Sam appears to have taken a few simple, easy lessons.

ABLE men on both sides of the ocean are making a constant effort to extend the principle of arbitration. Enlisted in this movement are boards of trade, chambers of commerce, legislatures and organizations of capital and of labor.

Sentiment rules the world. For centuries the war fever has been bred into our minds and dispositions, and national prejudices have time and again been too strong for the common-sense of the people. The movement for arbitration is comparatively recent. At best it was one of those chimerical ideas which people accepted as good in its way, but impracticable in the case of international differences. But steadily the faithful friends of the cause have made their appeals, and already they have won the spoken indorsements of nearly every nation of the world. Furthermore, they have convinced the people that war is a bad thing. Of course, we must not expect war to cease altogether any more than we may look for the immediate regeneration of the human race; but arbitration is making it less frequent and is bringing the peoples into that state of mind which more readily accepts the decision of an umpire.

### American Humorists as Trade-Winners

THE author of a recent book on the future of India, Mr. Meredith Townsend, in a passage on the possibilities of an "American Invasion" of that country, says: "The suave and humorous American will possibly become the most popular of white men with Asiatics, and may be able to convey to them ideas more acceptably than any other. Nevertheless, the American will not rule the Asiatic."

To such Americans as may especially long to rule Asiatics this will possibly be disheartening. But to most of us it brings a very interesting suggestion. We have never thought of our suavity and our humor as more than merely ornamental qualities. At any rate, so far as foreign trade is concerned, we have scarcely counted them as assets. We have thought it sufficient to send plenty of traveling men to display our goods to the benighted heathen, and to furnish to savages green calico with yellow spots when the savages happened to want that color combination, instead of insisting, as the British trader often does, that they should buy magenta speckled with blue. Ordinary business cleverness, provided, of course, that it was greater than that of our rivals, we have thought sufficient. But it is well worth considering that because we are suave and humorous we can be popular. The matter is more far-reaching than mere trade questions. Whether we want to sell calicoes, to govern the Filipinos, or to introduce Christianity into China, it will aid us enormously to be popular. Being popular will give us an advantage over every other nation.

And we, being the great compound nation, ought, if any nation ever could, to be able to put ourselves in sympathy with every kind of man. We are made up of a little of everything; we should be able to understand a little of everything. The American is adaptable by right of birth. As to Europe, we have long understood this. We have something of the Puritanism of England, something of the nervous sensitiveness of France, something of the childish gayety of Italy, something of the perseverance of Germany. Out of our many-sided personality we ought to find something to put us in touch with Asia. —H. G. RHODES.

*We hear considerable from time to time about the dignity of labor, but the laborer does not last long who tries to hold his job on dignity.*

### The Wife as Business-Head of the Family

THE partnership of marriage is often a failure because the husband does not succeed in business.

It is a real failure, although perhaps not always a dismal failure. The affection stays, all the obligations are met, and there may continue a loving serenity. Nevertheless, the ghost of failure is shut up with the two people who are bound together and who never dream of ceasing to love. For when hopes are declining because the promise of youth has not met its opportunity, or because a misfit seems to clothe every endeavor, two ambitious partners in marriage cannot be thoroughly happy.

The young man makes his great essay in life; the young woman who has tied her faith to him looks on, encourages and spurs. But she can do little more than that.

If she sees him constantly gaining ground, then gratification and complacency are at the bottom of her consciousness, and ease of life keeps her face charming. It is not because he is able to give her more things, though such things may be one-fourth of life, but because he brings true her dreams of achievement, because he opens the door of life wider and she shares his sense of power.

But if affairs go the other way, if the man fails to grasp here and to combine there, or if his all-to-gether cannot get its place, then begins for them both, and for her in particular, an ordeal of adjustment to a less hopeful outlook on the future. Here is a deadening of hopes, a dying of longings, which is written on the faces of multitudes of women who smile and yet cannot smile it off.

The pathos of this situation raises a practical question.

Is the situation unalterable? If the man, for reasons beyond help, fails habitually in his undertakings, is there any harm to love or to loyalty for the woman to acknowledge the fact openly and early to herself? From such an honest admission she can take a new view of their united fortunes.

What can she do? The chances are even that she may have in herself that talent for succeeding which her husband lacks. In other words, the family should be exploited for success, as a business firm would be amid similar circumstances. In a business concern that member comes to the front who by native force can make the business flourishing.

The woman sometimes is this effectual member of the matrimonial firm. It is lucky if she finds it out in time and determines to take up the problem rationally as her own, undeterred by false pride or by foolish fondness.

But a wife usually waits too long before she acknowledges the probability of her husband's eventual failure. She waits until her own day for doing things is past, or until she is called upon to do, but is not able to do, the creative kind of work which she might have done five or ten years earlier. Sentimentality for a vanished expectation has narrowed her idea of herself. She has let discouragement eat out her heart—that essence of discouragement which is distilled through another's loss of spirit.

How much simpler it would have been had she shifted the responsibility of creative work to her own shoulders as soon as there was reason to suspect that she was fitted to bear it the better and more lightly of the two. A certain pride unquestionably would have suffered; but the family might have been a business success; her own place in the world might have been saved; and the children might have had their rightful chance. —FRANCIS BELLAMY.

*On closer inspection Texas seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the oil octopus is not such a bad fellow after all.*

### Shelving Young Men of Fifty

WE HEAR a great deal in these days about "the dead line" in the ministerial calling. At fifty years of age, or even forty, a preacher is said to have reached this imaginary line, at which he is supposed to be superannuated, although he should be, and commonly is, at the very flood-tide of his power. Churches of all denominations want, therefore, young pastors. If they are but newly fledged from their nests at Andover, Newton or Princeton, so much the better. But can the student who graduated at a theological seminary one, five or ten years ago possibly have the learning, pastoral experience, knowledge of men, wisdom, tact, *ceteris paribus*, which the gray-headed pastor has accumulated by thirty or forty years of study, sermonizing, trial and pastoral toil? Our "slow" forefathers, who lived before the days of steam and electric travel, telephones and short-cut courses of education, thought not. Of course, they knew well enough that there were exceptional men, a Jonathan Edwards, a Jeremy Taylor, a Nathaniel Emmons—as at a later day there were a Buckminster, a Channing, a Bushnell, a Summerfield, a Starr King—in whom genius could supply the place of years of study and experience. But, for the preacher of average natural gifts, they deemed these prerequisite to success.

"Old" and "young" are purely relative terms. It is not the gray hairs on a man's head, the crow's-feet about his eyes or the wrinkles on his face that prove him old, but the lack of force and fire, of elastic hope and faith, of mental and spiritual power.

When the pastor of the first Congregational Church in Boston died, in 1663, the church resolved to supply his place by a *young man*, and accordingly elected Mr. Davenport, of New Haven, then seventy years old.

There are men of sixty and seventy, and even eighty years, who are brimming with enthusiasm and energy, and there are others but thirty years old who are bankrupt in both. "The dead line," which is supposed to threaten clergymen chiefly, exists as really in every other calling; but it is one which is fixed at no age, but is continually shifting, and is drawn, not by fate or providence, but by each man for himself. The preacher draws it when he is self-satisfied and stops growing mentally and spiritually; when he ceases to keep abreast with the thought, science and improved processes of his time. Chalmers, Robert Hall, Bushnell, Wayland, Edwards Park never reached the line in question. They did not, at any period of their lives, lay down their oars and float with the current. They knew that mentally a man cannot simply mark time; that, like Virgil's boatman, *si brachia forte remisit*—if he relaxes his efforts he is carried backward. They continued to the last alive in every fibre, interested in every new advance of thought; and if they had each lived and studied for a century they never would have thought of tying up at any time their respective stocks of knowledge, and labeling them complete. Many of the livest, most energetic, and most receptive clergymen we know—men who keep all the windows of the mind open to new ideas—are past sixty.

Of course, there are languid, spiritless old men in the ministry, as in all other callings; but, in the great majority of cases, old age found them—it did not make them—such. If it was a preacher of this stamp whom a venerable father in Israel is said to have taken by the whiskers and warned: "You had better dye these, for, if you leave your present charge, nobody will call you with such a badge of advanced life," the advice was not the sagest. It was his brains that needed dyeing, not his whiskers. —WILLIAM MATHEWS.

*The man with a good constitution should be able to recuperate from his summer vacation in at least two weeks.*

### The Next Problem for Inventors

HARDLY any expression is more common in general conversation than that of wonder as to what will be the next step of invention. We have done so much, indeed, that it is not uncommon to hear it declared dogmatically that we have reached the limit, which means generally that we shall never do things—whether the "thing" be the purchase of a spool of cotton or a little journey across the continent—very much quicker than at present. It is quite possible, indeed, that we shall not, and it is doubtful if we shall be very much better off if we discover that we can.

The real problem for inventors, considering the greatest good to the greatest number, is to enable us to move not more quickly but more happily; to diminish, first of all, the noise and the resulting nervous tension with which modern progress has replaced the red Indian at the door of the stockade or the masked robber at the door of the stagecoach. The need of such invention—in other words, a public appreciation of possible flaws in the theory that rapid motion is in itself progress and involves a necessary sacrifice of the pleasures of the eye and the satisfaction of the ear—has here and there become already sufficiently manifest to make gardens of shrubs and flowers an essential part of more than one line of railroad stations, to inaugurate the practice of sprinkling the tracks with oil in order to lay the dust and insure more quiet running, to pave city streets with asphalt in place of cobblestones, to restrict heavy teaming to certain thoroughfares, to legislate against tuneless street music, and to start crusades against the vocal atrocities of those who cry their various wares in public highways.

In Boston, to take a concrete example, a corporation controlling the system of rapid transit recently put in operation, has leaped at once to the position of defendant in a series of lawsuits for depreciation of property owing to the constant thunder of its trains, and has been subject to no little criticism for the celerity which it enforces upon even the best Bostonians in entering and leaving them.

The fact is, the American people stir in a sleep in which they have been dreaming of a material, one-sided progress, and many of them are already awake to the fact that the true touchstone of life is to do a thing not only expeditiously but without either a waste of nervous tissue or an excess of apparent effort.

Let the awakening become general and the corporations—which, when all is said and done, depend upon public opinion and are accustomed rather to approve than to oppose real improvement—will inevitably respond to this very quickening in the conception of material progress. The link between rapid transit and satisfactory transit is the invention which shall make speed comparatively noiseless, and it is safe to say that it would find a ready welcome in the office of any of our important transportation companies.

—R. W. BERGENGREN.

# The Fire-Fighters—By Herbert E. Hamblen

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### THE BALD EAGLES' BALL

ONE of Patsy's matches had borne the inevitable fruit, and now, indeed, we were properly "in it." Forty-one coupled to the hydrant at the door and a stream crashed through one of the windows. The Chief called for a ladder, and a moment later it fell with a bump against the cornice. Discovery, with all that it portended to us—jail, probably—was now certain

The projecting end of the ladder vibrated, and a helmeted head appeared above the cornice. It was Dave Staples, with Nineteen's pipe

"How'd you feliers git up here?" Dave asked

"Came up the other way," replied quick-witted Patsy

Dave quickly followed the pipe, and we helped with the hose. Other ladders had been raised, and firemen were coming up. It was no place for us, so we followed Dave down the scuttle. His first splash around put the fire nearly all out, but there was light enough to show us the way to the stairs. Down we went and made quick time to the street

Forty-one's house was pretty well scorched, but not seriously damaged. Members of other companies helped them clean and dry it out so the engine could be housed, and soon everything had settled back to its normal condition

Our advertisements survived the racket, as they escaped notice in the flurry. Next day our fondest hopes were realized. As Dave kept mum it was supposed that Nineteen's men put them there after the Chief left

Some of the papers printed pictures of Forty-one's house with our cards strung across the front, whereby we obtained much free advertising. This also attracted attention to their mishap. Residents of the district became interested, held a fair, and restored the house to better shape than ever; so that our escapade proved beneficial all around

Our time being short, Mr. Hayden—Nineteen's foreman—kindly allowed us the use of the meeting-room every other night. Plans were perfected, reports of committees received, and action taken on the innumerable suggestions that poured in from all sides. Financially the success of the ball was assured, and we were determined that it should be socially, too.

The firemen helped us with the decoration of the hall Mr. Hayden voluntarily loaned us the handsome mahogany "back" of the engine. We hired twenty-five cages of singing canaries; and sisters and sweethearts made banners, rosettes, streamers and ornamental mottoes.

On the eventful night our hall looked nice enough for anybody. The whitewashed walls and ceilings were hidden by flags and streamers, and the birds sang sweetly from evergreen bowers. A band of ten pieces was concealed in a grove of Christmas trees, set in a square of heavy planks. The hall was brilliantly illuminated by more than four dozen sperm candles. A special committee of three had them in charge, with orders to keep them alight, and renew them when necessary, regardless of expense

I had never been any hand to cultivate girls, so, as I had to have a lady, I invited my cousin Madge. We had never been on very good terms, as I had a grudge against the entire family on account of the way the junior members had received sister Jennie and me when we first came to the country; but Madge couldn't afford to decline an invitation to the ball—even from red headed Bob. Patsy made sure of Jennie by getting in his requisition the very next day after the first resolution was adopted.

Patsy said he never expected to go to such grand "doin's" again, so he rigged himself out brand new from top to toe, and drove up to our door after Jennie in a hack. Father saw him coming, and I dreaded an explosion—knowing them both—but he only gave an extra snort, and withdrew to the kitchen till they got away

I got no hack for Madge; it was only six blocks and she was a notable walker

The ladies were shown to a dressing-room, while we foregathered in the loft for a smoke. When the master-of-ceremonies summoned us he announced a delegation from Nineteen. Pipes and cigars were hastily doused; coat lapels furtively scrutinized for ashes, hair—and, where possible, mustaches—sollcitously stroked and patted into shape, and we descended to join the ladies There was a great bustling to find partners; we took the places assigned us with the least possible awkwardness; and as we swung around the room in the grand march each Volunteer was proud of himself and his organization—I know I was

The alderman of the ward came in, danced a polka and, with an eye to future political possibilities, left a ten-dollar note with the committee

Yes, indeed, this was the Volunteers' night!

I noticed a couple of Forty one's Volunteers on the floor and mentioned the fact to Walt Underhill. He said Darby Malone and several of his gang were outside, and predicted trouble if they got in. A moment later Peter Claxton—our foreman—came up, and he said Darby and half a dozen more were already inside. We couldn't very well do anything as long as they behaved themselves, for they had bought tickets, and were entitled to be present; but we were uneasy about it, nevertheless. We talked the matter over among ourselves, and finally decided on strong measures—they were not the kind of fellows with whom it would do to be too bucky. Pete ordered the ticket-seller to sell them no more tickets. He demurred; if they called for tickets, and offered the money, what could he do?

"Refuse to sell 'em any. Tell 'em plump an' plain that we don't want 'em in here an' won't have 'em," was Pete's solution.

"Better send a bouncin' committee out here, then," said the ticket man; and we did. That kept any more of them from getting in, though the frequently recurring disturbances in the lobby were annoying. Another committee was told off to keep tab on those inside—they would bear watching

Windows had been let down from the top for ventilating purposes, and the resulting draft kept the relighting committee busy. Several candles went out simultaneously in the northwest corner. As I was not dancing I ran over to help the boys relight. I thought I heard a window carefully closed as the candles were quickly lighted. Investigation showed Darby and his crowd gathered about a window that opened on an alley in the rear; I wondered if there was anything going on in that alley. I spoke to Patsy and Jim Willets, and after warning some of the boys to keep an eye on the suspects, we left the room. Not a Forty-oner was in sight—a suspicious circumstance in itself, as several who had been thrown out by the bouncing committee had kept up a row around the door until very recently. We hurried around to the alley, Patsy bewailing the probable fate of his new clothes. As we approached we saw a length of regulation department hose stretched up the alley—a beautiful outlook for our girls, truly.

We cut across a vacant lot and approached the hydrant from the rear. A fellow sat on it swinging his heels, a spanner protruding from his coat pocket. We advanced in single file, Patsy leading. Although the fellow must have been on the alert, he failed to recognize us in the semi darkness Patsy threw out an arm, hookwise, and dragged him over backward. He landed good and solid. Jim and I jumped in, but Patsy had him throttled—he never squeaked. We took the spanner, filled him with wholesome fear of consequences if he should make a noise, and locked him in a room adjoining the hall. Then we coupled the hose to the hydrant and left Patsy with it, while Jim and I scouted in the direction of the alley

Danny Sullivan, a blacksmith's apprentice, was on watch there. He was no such easy meat as the fellow at the hydrant. We saw at once that he suspected us, and we decided that brute force was the only argument he would appreciate.

Jim jumped at him, but as Danny went down he voiced the slogan: "Forty-one, Gray Wolf!"

Every Forty-oner within earshot would rally to that cry

How many there might be in the alley we had no means of knowing, but doubtless there would be enough. I out knife and called to Patsy to turn the water on full, leaving Jim to attend to Danny. My knife was none too sharp, and the stout leather hose was thickly studded with copper rivets. I kinked it under my foot, in case the water should come before I could get it cut, and sawed away for dear life. A rapid patter of feet in the alley and the repetition of the Gray Wolves' rallying cry spurred me on. Luck was with me for once, and I got the hose cut in time. There was a lovely pressure on, and the front rank of the rescuers went down before it like straws. The others, remembering they had left something in the other end of the alley, went back after it on the double-quick. I dragged the hose in after them as far as it would go, that they might not lack for water. Their objective was a small wicket-gate in the fence at the back of the alley. My stream reached the fence all right, and kept them amused while hunting for the latch. By the time they got that gate open they were in condition to realize what a good joke they had planned for our guests. Once through the gate they were out of range, but they had no occasion to complain of having been slighted

When Darby and his contingent heard Danny's alarm they were undecided whether to vault through the window to the assistance of the forces in the alley, or to start a row inside Splashing water and gurgling cries from the alley promptly dissuaded them from venturing in that direction, and as they were instantly surrounded by eager Bald Eagles they prudently accepted an invitation to withdraw quietly.

Danny and Jim were rolling about on the cobblestones, pulling hair and getting in an occasional lick. Danny was on top and had rather the better of it. I threatened to turn the hose on them unless he let Jim up. Danny told me to go ahead and be hanged to me, but Jim begged me not to, so I called to Patsy to shut the water off, while I helped Jim.

Sullivan gave both of us a pretty good tussle, but we had him nearly subdued when the gang who had been expelled from the hall arrived. They were ugly and full of fight, and quickly turned the tables.

We three gave just one call for help, and then had other uses for our breath. Sweet, indeed, were those few minutes to the Gray Wolves before our fellows arrived; but when they did, they quickly dug us out, and those Forty-oners got what they so richly deserved. We surrounded them and whaled them till he who would have asked for more would have been a hog, indeed. They cut through us at last, and made record time for home We chased them clear of the district, and warned them as to what they might expect if they should presume to return.

Everybody's good clothes were more or less damaged, and we three who had been in the brunt of it had to go home for repairs. Patsy surveyed his own wreckage somewhat ruefully, then, with a toss of the head, he exclaimed.

"Well, I don't care; it was a good rumpus, an' worth every cent of it!"

We posted sentries to guard against a reprisal, but Darby and his Gray Wolves had got enough of the Bald Eagles' claws for once—they never came back

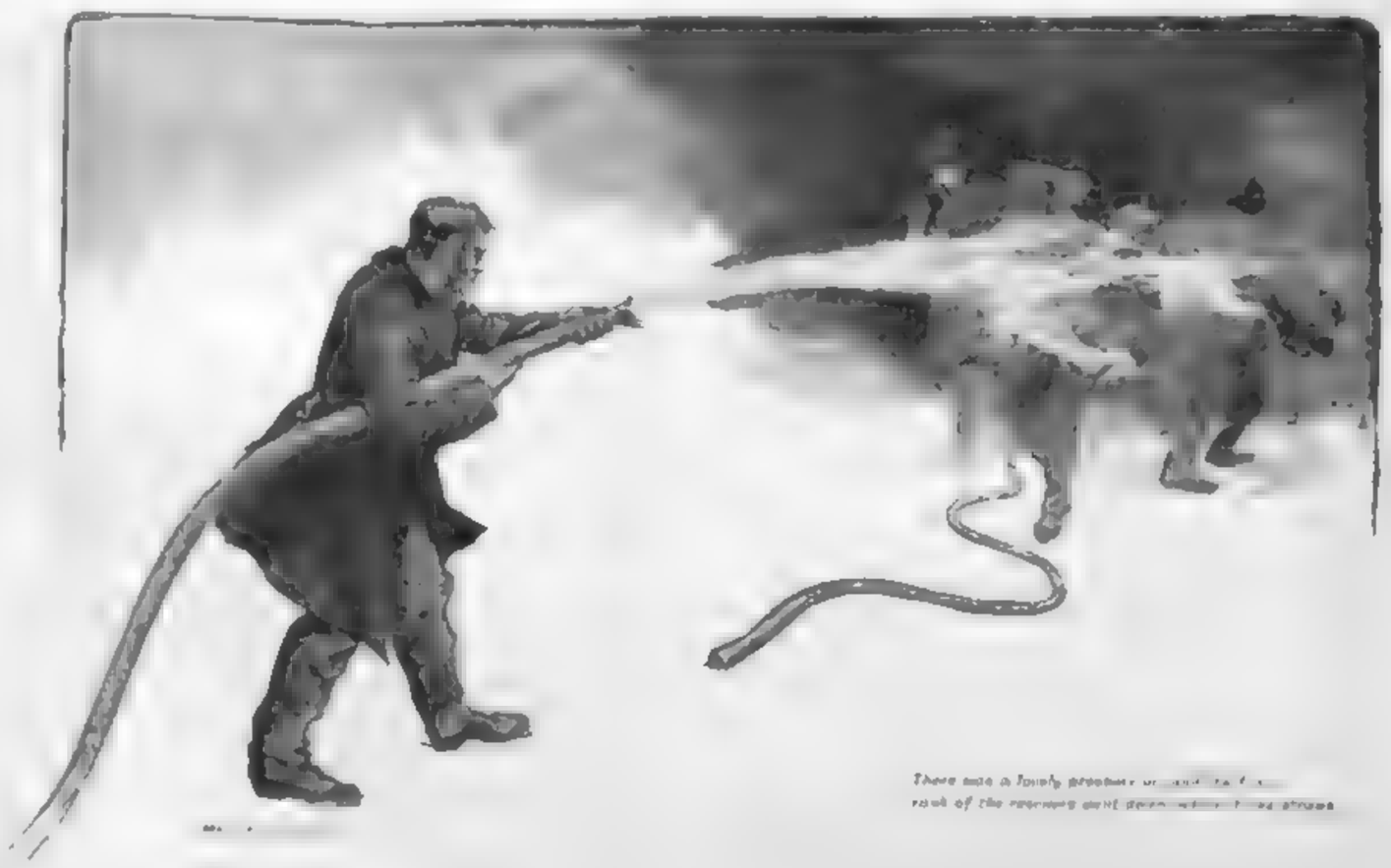
Our ball netted us fifty dollars in clean, cold cash; much more than we could possibly invest in a stove, no matter how fine. The committee got the biggest stove they could find, of a pattern that was extremely popular—and scarce—with fire companies. The main body was an immense, whitewashed, cast-iron globe, ribbed like a pumpkin, and surrounded by a convenient rail for the accommodation of cold and wet feet. There was a big, flat top, with a removable cover, suitable for the chowder-kettle. Not another engine-house in town could boast anything comparable with it. It would hold half a bushel of coal, burn all night, and roast you out of the farthest corner of the room. We also got an entire new outfit of pipe—the old being a mere shell, dangerously full of holes—and a ton of coal We had to take Mr Hayden into our confidence so the dealer's men could get in to set the stove up. We had a tin sign tacked on the wall behind the stove which read

"Presented to Engine 19 by her Volunteer Runners."

And after all that we had a tidy sum left with which to open a bank account: a state of affairs never before heard of even in the department organization.

The news spread in that unaccountable way which news has, so that all hands turned out that evening. Fortunately it was zero weather, which made the new stove seem all the more timely. The delighted exclamations of the men as they came strolling in more than repaid us for our efforts in their behalf. The Volunteers were declared to be the right sort, and were invited to sit up close to the new stove (regardless of the Chief's orders), and make themselves "to hum."

The men declared that the night should be made memorable. A collection was taken



There was a lively scramble ... rank of the rescuers went down ...

**Editor's Note** This is the third of six stories by Mr Hamblen, describing the life, rivalry and adventures of the old-time volunteer firemen, and in particular the rivalry of the Bald Eagles, the men of Engine 19, and the Gray Wolves, those of Engine 41. Each of these stories is complete in itself.

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up—in which we were forbidden to participate—and the proceeds invested in cider and two-cent cigars. Joe Stillings went home and got his fiddle, and it was Andy Beekman's proud boast that he had a "whistle" that could split the shingles. Popular songs ran around the circle, all hands roaring out the choruses. Jigs and breakdowns were danced by rival champions to the accompaniment of "Juba," patted by experts. And when the entire repertoire had been gone through and everybody was dreading the necessity of repetitions—to kill time—Lon Seabrooke jumped into the breach and covered himself with imperishable glory by his lifelike impersonation of an "Uncle Snowball" plantation preacher. Lon was a quiet, unobtrusive chap; nobody would have believed that he had it in him; so it was all the more welcome.

We had a roaring good time, and kept it up till after one o'clock. The solitary candle expired long before that, but it was a mere luxury, anyhow; the open stove door threw a mellow light over the scene that was far more enjoyable, and equally convenient for obtaining lights—while the cigars lasted. There were no protestations of renewed fidelity, not even a handclasp, as we bade each other a cordial good-morning and started for our several homes; but every one there knew that a link had been forged in the tie between the Firemen and Volunteers that no official order could ever break. I had just turned the last corner, and was thinking how good the blankets would feel, and how soon I would be between them, when the City Hall bell spoke. Ordinarily I should have waited to count, but now there were too many men in the vicinity of the engine-house; I turned at once and retraced my steps on the run. I was none too soon, either; for a couple of the men who had stopped for a last word on the corner had the doors open and were rolling her out.

The fire was in our district, and we had a splendid start. The engine-house being in the centre of the district, it was sometimes a good deal of a problem which direction to take; for, of course, the bell gave no inkling in that respect. If none of the men had located the fire on their way to the engine-house, we would rush her out into Burke Street, and if there was no fire in sight take our cue from the crowd who would be running. If there was no fire in sight and no crowd either, we would go east or west, according to whether the old market or City Hall bell had first given the alarm. This method was apt to prove misleading, as either of the bell-ringers might see a fire in the other end of the district. So, once in a great while it would happen that we would start off in the wrong direction, but something always turned up to put us on the right track before we had gone far.

On this occasion all hands had been so near the engine-house that nobody had the least idea where the fire was, and, strange to say, there was a very decided difference of opinion as to which of the bells had given the first alarm. We whirled the old lady out into Burke Street. There was no fire in sight, and, owing to the lateness of the hour, no people about. At a venture, Mr. Hayden started off to the westward and we, of course, followed with the machine.

We had a full crew—and more—and, as an earlier start was not conceivable, there was a good prospect that we should get the first stream on the fire—an object worthy the most strenuous effort. We rushed her along grandly, making as little noise as possible, for Forty-one might be lying in wait to rush out and pass us—which would be almost as bad as being washed. We ran to the end of the district, but found no fire. This was a fine howdy do, indeed, and we with such a good start. We turned south and ran across the district, but still there wasn't a spark or a whiff of smoke. That end of the district was as quiet as a country village, though the bells continued to ring, showing that there certainly was a fire somewhere.

Of course, it was perfectly plain now that we had made a wrong start, and the only thing to do was to retrace our steps, with the extremely gratifying knowledge that we should be last on the scene. All hands were fighting mad as we yanked the old girl back again. If she came west in a hurry, she was going east by leaps and bounds, barely touching the cobblestones here and there, it seemed. Well the boys knew what their reception would be. The Chief was a past-master of sarcasm—and then, there was Forty-one! This would be nuts for her fellows. We hadn't seen a single apparatus since leaving the house, so we knew we were the only real thing. When we got within two blocks of the engine house the bells stopped ringing. The fire was out—or under control, anyway—but we kept on, bound to put in an appearance, to prove that we were still on earth, at least.

Three blocks beyond the engine house Mr. Hayden signaled us to stop. Forty-one had popped out of a side street right in front of him—returning. What a yell they set up when they saw us! Harry walked deliberately back to where we stood awaiting his orders. It was out of their way, but they turned and followed him, indulging in insulting remarks, jeers and catcalls. They stopped half a block from us, turned their engine crosswise of the street behind them, and entertained us with their witticisms.

'They've been havin' a house-warmin' an' overslep'—They dares'n't leave till they covered the fire wid ashes ter make it keep in till dey got back—How's the new feather-beds, Nineteen?—I hear the Chief's a-goin' ter give yees a private bell an' a man ter ring it—he'll have ter ring it half an hour afore the fire ter give 'em time ter make their beds an' get a shin-roast afore they start."

Gleefully they piled it on—and our fellows getting madder every minute. They were like simple children of Nature, poking the fire with giant powder cartridges. They knew not—and without a doubt cared not—what the results might be. Mike Donovan, Forty-one's big foreman, stepped up to Harry Hayden, and giving him a facetious dig in the ribs with the small end of his trumpet, asked: "How does the new stove work, hey, Harry?"

"Sump'n like that," replied Harry, handing him a stinger on the nose which staggered him, big as he was. They clinched like a pair of Kilkenny cats, and the fracas was on. It was the needed spark, and the explosion was instantaneous and highly satisfactory to all. Each side gave tongue to its war-cry. The Forty-ones met us fully half way, the foremen became separated and swallowed up among their men, and all hands joined in a general mix-up.

Stung to desperation by their jeers—and unable to reply—we pitched into them, the unreasoning hate of the department feud strengthened and abetted by this latest and most undeserved insult. They were equally willing, and met us with the dogged determination for which they were so justly celebrated. Back and forth between the engines the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, first one side and then the other gaining a temporary advantage. Tigers, rather than Wolves, they should have been called, for they dearly loved a scrap—especially with their hereditary foes, the Bald Eagles. It was a quiet neighborhood—before we came into it—far removed from the haunts of the primitive police. But now every window in the block was open and filled with heads. The natives caught the infectious enthusiasm of the fray and cheered us on according to their preferences.

The fight had raged for half an hour or more, and there was no prospect of a decision when somebody on our side dug up a paving stone. He was an expert with that kind of weapon, and Forty-one's signal lamp went out like a spent meteor. An opening once made, and the advantage noted, more similar missiles were soon forthcoming. The Gray Wolves, taken by surprise, were staggered by the first volley—as well they might have been. They wavered. We pressed our advantage, and the second volley rattled on their machine like hail on a shed roof. Our artillery was invincible; not even their stout hearts could stand against it, and they were too hard pressed to excavate ammunition for themselves. They turned their machine and fled, panic-stricken. We hailed the movement with derisive shouts of victory, and followed up the good work.

Their rear-guard—composed chiefly of Volunteers—kept up a show of resistance, but, having once got them on the run, it was comparatively easy to keep them going. We followed them a couple of blocks—they never rallied—and then, our vengeance sated, we returned.

Despite our victory, it was a sad homecoming for Nineteen. We all knew there would be an aftermath to the night's doings, and nobody dreaded it worse than the Volunteers, as it had all come about, indirectly through us. The firemen said never a word, but we realized that, by the irony of Fate, we were at the bottom of it all. Nobody had located the fire on account of the jollification over the new stove, and we were to blame for the stove. And the Volunteers of late had become a favorite subject for abuse and revilings by both the press and the politicians. Little wonder, then, that we felt in our bones that we were in for it.


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# Oddities and Novelties

### Artificial Blood Oranges

Blood oranges always command a price somewhat in advance of that asked for ordinary oranges. This is particularly the case in Europe, and, as a purely commercial enterprise, two German scientists, Doctors Pum and Micko, have recently been making experiments with a view to communicating artificially a red color to the juice of the fruit. This they have accomplished by injecting aniline red through the skin of the every-day orange before it is quite ripe.

The attempts thus far made have been only partly successful. Aniline red is a very cheap substance, and the process of injection can be performed at small expense; but unfortunately the coloring is not accomplished evenly, and the pulp is liable to be streaky. To sum up, the conclusion drawn is that the artificial blood orange is not likely soon to take the place of the natural product.

Blood oranges are commonly supposed to be sweeter than ordinary ones, though such is not the case in reality. Another popular notion is that they are accidental "sports," whereas the fact is that they represent a peculiar variety. Nobody knows what is the nature of their coloring matter, but the same phenomenon of blood-tinge is found in other fruits.

The early Spaniards brought with them to America a kind of peach which is to this day a favorite variety in many parts of this country, its pulp being quite solid and of a blood-red hue. On account of its solidity housewives in Maryland and elsewhere frequently use it for preserving. The juice of some cherries, also, is of the color of blood.

There seems to be no doubt that the first blood oranges came from the region of the Mediterranean, where even at the present time they are largely grown for market.

### A Mechanical Stentor

A contrivance has just been patented which gives to phonograph or telephone the voice of a stentor. It is an entirely new idea, and depends for its efficiency upon a metal disk which is kept rapidly spinning by the same motor that runs the machine. The vibration of the diaphragm, caused by the voice, pulls a lever back and forth, and thus varies the pressure of a brake upon the edge of the revolving disk. This brake is connected by a wire with a large diaphragm.

As a result, the large diaphragm is made to vibrate very powerfully, the power coming from the revolution of a shaft—in other words, from the machine. The voice of the speaker merely modifies the vibrations, but in this way ordinary speaking tones are converted into shouts while preserving the intonation faithfully.

The contrivance may be applied either to telephone or phonograph, and it will magnify the sounds to any desired extent. If desired, a four-horse engine may be used to run it, with proportionate effects in the way of loudness. As might be supposed, it will reproduce music as well as the voice.

### Welcome News for Vegetarians

These are days in which there is some satisfaction in being a vegetarian. To give up animal foods is hardly a sacrifice, inasmuch as nearly all of them are counterfeited, more or less successfully, by plant products of one kind or another. Many such substitutes have been patented within the last two or three years, and their sale has attained great proportions.

From the vegetarian viewpoint all animal foods are harmful and even dangerous. Meat is a peril to the digestion, say the vegetarians; milk and butter are loaded with germs of consumption and typhoid; and even the innocent-looking egg may be a pathogenic bomb. Hence the importance of relying upon plants exclusively for sustenance.

Only recently, however, has it been ascertained that meat substitutes can be so artistically compounded as to deceive the palate; the consumer may have all the sensations of the meat-eater without the possible danger. We have even, as the newest achievements in this line, the "vegetable beefsteak," the "vegetable beef hash," and the "vegetable oyster stew."

Let it not be imagined that this is merely a gastronomic jest; nothing could be more serious. "Vegetable meat" has been patented, and one of many interesting forms in which it appears is that of "chicken salad without chicken." There is a kind of mince-pie, peculiar to Connecticut, which is made without meat or any alcoholic ingredient—"temperance mince-pie," it is called—which is really a marvel in its way; but it is surely surpassed, as a paradox in foods, by the "chicken pie without chicken."

The "vegetable meat" is said to be practically the same thing as real meat in respect to composition. Though made chiefly of nuts, it is almost indistinguishable from beef or mutton, and is said to contain the same food elements. It comes in cans, and looks like pressed chicken or turkey. One cuts it in slices, or does anything else with it that may be done with beef or chicken, and, in eating it, it is said, "finds it difficult to convince himself that he is not actually partaking of animal food."

In place of ordinary butter the vegetarian may now buy "vegetable butter," manufactured from nuts. Its promoters claim that it "replaces lard, olive oil, and all other fats," makes capital gravies, and serves for shortening cakes and pie-crust.

One great advantage of the "vegetable meat" is that it is "predigested;" it does away almost altogether with the necessity for the ordinary processes of assimilation.

### The Deadly Ptomaine

The ptomaine, as a menace to health and even to life, is obtaining a good deal of attention from physicians. It is a chemical product formed incidentally to decomposition, and the worst of it is that nobody is safe from its attack, though fatal cases of poisoning by it seem to be rare.

There are many kinds of ptomaines, but some of the most deadly occur in fish that have been too long out of water. Cold retards their formation, but a fish that has come from far away, and which has necessarily been on ice for a considerable length of time, is said to be an unsafe article of diet. Indeed, some experts in such matters have gone so far as to urge that it would be very desirable that fish should be sold only alive in this country, as they are in Germany, where the housewife goes to market and selects her scaly dinner as it swims around in the tank.

It is certain that deaths attributed to acute indigestion or other commonplace causes are often actually due to poisoning by ptomaines. Only the other day one of Washington's most distinguished physicians died from such a cause, having partaken of shad roe.

But perhaps the most curious thing about ptomaines is their resemblance, chemically speaking, to vegetable alkaloids—this resemblance being so marked that in numerous instances the persons killed by them have been supposed to be victims of morphine, strychnine or other poisons. This has given to them a conspicuous importance from a medico-legal viewpoint. In the case of an Italian widow named Sonzongo an autopsy gave evidence of the presence of morphine in quantities sufficient to produce death, but further investigation proved beyond question that the alkaloid was only a ptomaine.

Accordingly, physicians who perform autopsies are always on their guard, nowadays, against mistaking ptomaines for poisons of vegetable origin, inasmuch as an error of that kind might easily cause a dreadful miscarriage of justice.

### Imitation Whalebone

A new kind of artificial whalebone has just been patented in this country by a Hollander, and, if the claims made for it are justified, it will prove most valuable commercially. It is said to have all the toughness, elasticity and durability of the substance imitated, with less brittleness.

The material is derived from ordinary bones—any kind of bones will do—which, after being thoroughly cleaned, are soaked in dilute hydrochloric acid. By this means all of the limy matter is removed from them, leaving only the cellular structure, and, as a result, they are soft and flexible. It only remains to toughen them by a species of tanning.

The tanning is done by soaking the decalcified bones in a solution of chrome-alum for a period of from three to five days, at the end of which they are tough and elastic. They are then rinsed with water, dried, and cut into strips corresponding in size and form to commercial whalebone.

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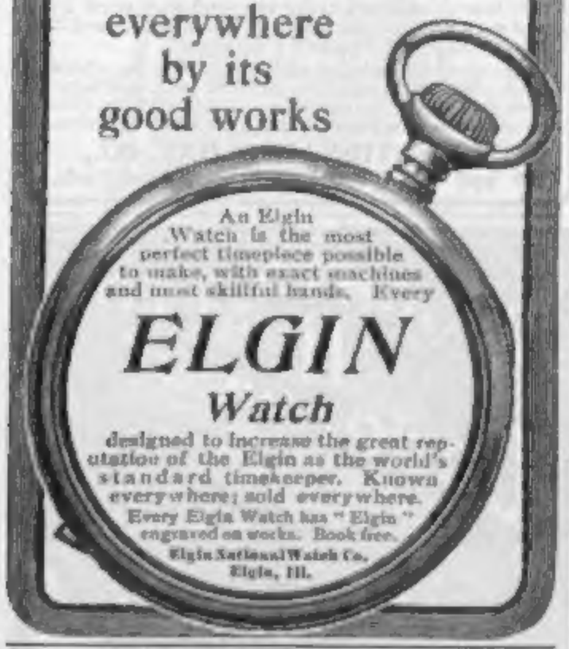

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# Men & Women of the Hour

## A Mexican Retort Courteous

The President of Mexico, General Porfirio Diaz, whose wise policy and firm hand have carried his nation to the front rank of Spanish-speaking countries, is noted for the studied courtesy with which he treats all with whom he comes in contact, but he is not without a keen sense of humor.

He gained national prominence and won his spurs at the battle of Puebla, where the Liberal forces made a gallant but ineffectual stand against the French who had invaded Mexico for the purpose of erecting a throne for Maximilian.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Mexican forces were defeated, their defense against superior numbers was so gallant that the anniversary of the battle of the fifth of May became a national holiday in Mexico.

A brusque American once asked the President: "Why do you Mexicans celebrate a defeat, when you know that the French finally took Puebla?"

President Diaz, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "Perhaps we have imitated the Americans even to the extent of celebrating our defeats, for I have been told that the British defeated the Colonists at the battle of Bunker Hill, and yet you built a monument to commemorate the event."

## The Dromio Howisons

In the autumn of 1894 Rear-Admiral Howison, then Commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard, in San Francisco harbor, was the unconscious actor in an interesting drama.

The plot was a humorous one, and grew out of the naval man being mistaken for Mr. G. H. Howison, Ph.D., LL.D., etc., a scholar of note who graces the Mills Chair of Philosophy in the University of California.

A well-to-do farmer living in the citrus region of Butte County had long followed the writings of Professor Howison. The farmer was not a man of much education, but was a natural metaphysician, and his independent means had enabled him to spend a great deal of time in reading. Everything that Professor Howison published the farmer pasted into a scrapbook, but all that he gleaned concerning the personality of his philosopher and guide was that he lived somewhere across the bay from San Francisco.

After the gathering of the harvests in '94 the farmer made a trip to San Francisco, stopping with some friends. On the first morning after his arrival he announced that he was going to call on the celebrated Howison.

Wandering along the water front the Butte County man spied a neat-looking steam launch for hire.

"Do you know the great Howison?" asked the farmer.

"Not personally; have seen him. He lives over there," beckoning in the direction of Mare Island.

"What'll you charge to take me there and back?"

"Ten dollars."

The farmer thought this was pretty steep fare, but, if that was the price, it was not too much for the privilege of meeting the renowned philosopher.

At Mare Island he had some difficulty getting past the outer cordon of "Jackies," but his importunities finally won him an audience.

When ushered into Commandant Howison's presence the visitor bowed awkwardly, and faltered that he had come merely to pay his respects. The Commandant said a courteous word or two, and the embarrassed, but delighted, farmer withdrew.

In the outer office he stopped to survey the place. One of the clerks had framed a newspaper clipping giving the Commandant's record. This the farmer read eagerly, and all the way home tried to reconcile the Howison of philosophy with the Howison of war.

"Did you meet your man?" his friends asked that night.

"Yes," replied the farmer; "went out to Mare Island on a launch, and when I looked at Howison's splendid forehead I knew why it was I could not comprehend many of his writings."

"I didn't know he was an author. What has he written?"


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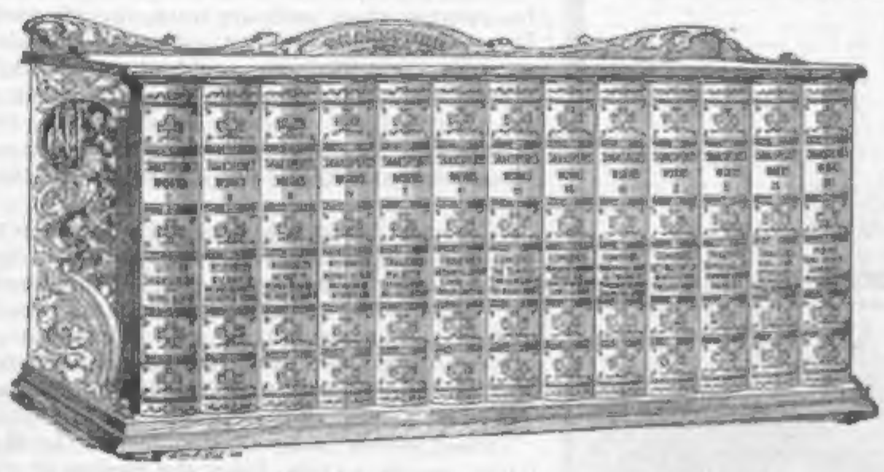

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The farmer took from his pocket a few monographs, by the Professor, on God, Freedom of the Will, and Pantheism.

"These are not by Commandant Howison, but by Doctor Howison, of the University of California," said his friend.

The farmer was amazed and chagrined, and it was suggested that on the following day he visit Howison the philosopher.

"No," he replied; "I want to carry back to Butte the impression of the man I met at Mare Island. I want always to associate that noble forehead with those deep philosophies."

### A Substitute for Snakes

Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who has just completed for the United States a study of the fish in Philippine waters, is one of the most brilliant and versatile of college presidents. His specialty in science is ichthyology.

On his latest visit to Washington, whither he often goes in his capacity as a Government Commissioner, he told an interesting story on himself. He had delivered an address in San Francisco before the State Dairymen's Association. The topic was Diseases of Cattle: Their Cause and Cure. It was replete with learned suggestions for the treatment of murrain, anthrax and tuberculosis in cattle. At the close of the lecture, one of the dairymen asked some practical questions which were beyond the savant's experience.

"Gentlemen," confessed Doctor Jordan, "my lecture was founded upon ideas and theories gleaned in reading. I have, I regret to state, never had the privilege of making experiments of my own along the lines of diseases of cattle. The truth is, I never owned more than one cow, and that was a tame, domestic Holstein, famed as a milker, and absolutely healthy."

Mr. Ambrose Bierce, novelist and critic, knew Doctor Jordan in Indiana years ago, and tells the following tale. The State Board of Education of Indiana, according to Mr. Bierce's anecdote, was giving a banquet to its new President, Professor Jordan. Eels were served, and, as a joke on the ichthyologist, they had been cooked, streaked and coiled to resemble snakes.

"What!" exclaimed the scientist as the dish was placed before him; "do the people of Indiana eat snakes?"

There was a hearty laugh, and the chairman began to explain that these were not of the genus *anguis*, but of the genus *anguilla*—in other words, that they were not ophidians, but eels.

"That's just it," exclaimed Professor Jordan, unembarrassed. "Seeing these eels prepared in similitude of snakes, I naturally concluded that the dish was a makeshift, and that all available snakes had been devoured by the epicureans of Indiana."

This turned the joke on the Board of Education.


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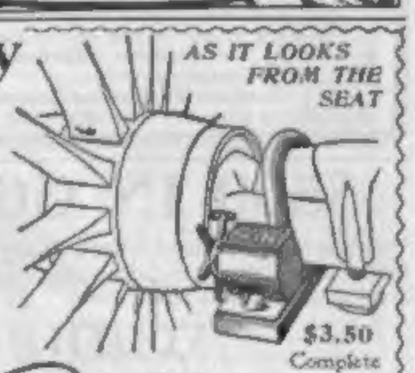


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Readers who hope to find in Mr. Winston Churchill's The Crisis *(The Macmillan Company)* a historical novel of the accepted type will be sadly disappointed. Such stories are, as a rule, thrilling narratives of adventure, with a few familiar names and a date or two thrown in to give them color. The best have one memorable episode for a background and a brilliant web of fiction woven into this dark woof. The quicker the tale is told, the better. The House of the Wolf may be justly considered a masterpiece of its kind.

Mr. Churchill's methods are widely opposed to this accepted standard. He takes admirable care of his history, and leaves his fiction to look after itself. His story opens in St. Louis some years before the Civil War, and the clash of the opposing principles and of the opposing interests which led up to that great event are minutely and conscientiously described. The digressions of such a narrative are necessarily infinite. Political debates of magnitude and—in their day—of importance fill up many pages. Political events are the only ones admitted into the tale. When the characters converse, they talk solely upon political themes. The social aspects of life are ignored. Even a girl's first ball is made subservient to the one great end, and becomes a vehicle for political agitation.

It is not possible to tell a good story on these lines. A novelist has no business to go halting and skipping along a length of years; now chronicling every day, now leaping in breakneck fashion over many hundreds of days, and expecting his readers to jump after him like kangaroos. The difficulty of welding together history and romance lies mainly in the fact that they won't keep step. History either lags or rushes. Romance, when she is alternately pushed forward and held back so that she shall not fall out of line, is apt to lose her elasticity of gait.

Mr. Churchill's characters are as carefully drawn as characters can be that have so little chance to develop. His heroine, Virginia Carvel, is the nicest kind of a girl. We are more than willing to accept her stately and radiant beauty in consideration of the fact that she is so simple and sensible and good. That she has two lovers, Stephen Brice, an Abolitionist, and Clarence Colfax, a Confederate officer, need hardly be told. Heroines of war stories always have a Northern and a Southern lover, and always marry the former. It is understood and inevitable. In this case there is a third suitor, but he is the villain of the tale. His name is Eliphalet Hopper; his birthplace is Massachusetts; he rises to affluence on the wreck of Colonel Carvel's fortunes; plots to obtain the fair Virginia's hand, and is foiled and kicked out of the room with that delightful promptness which is one of the compensations of novel reading. His ignominious exit and the triumph of the splendid young Brice should work up very well when the book comes to be dramatized.

The figure of Abraham Lincoln is sketched delicately and with much sympathy, though in rather a plaintive vein. If the great President had his troubles, he had his pleasures too, and enjoyed them healthily. To refer to him as crowned with thorns and carrying a cross is in questionable taste. Moreover, if the triumph of a just cause does not bring gladness to the heart of a man, what shall make him glad? —*Agnes Repplier.*

## A Footnote to the Dreyfus Trial

When a literary fish of any importance is taken nowadays one may be sure that a good many editors and publishers have been dangling their well-baited hooks before its nose. For two years or more Captain Dreyfus has had offers for what he might ultimately choose to publish. The business of offering advances and royalties to authors is not usually attended with a great amount of personal danger. But there is an American woman, a journalist, living in Paris, who could tell a different tale. Two summers ago, just as the great trial was drawing to its close, she was in London, and there met an enterprising American publisher. Conversation turned, as did all conversation that summer, in either England or France, upon Dreyfus, and the publisher confided to the lady his desire to publish something veritably from the pen of Dreyfus. The lady, it happened, was on terms of some intimacy with the inner circle of Dreyfus' friends, and when she left England for Paris she was commissioned to do what she could to get something for the American publisher, either from Captain or Madame Dreyfus.

Two days after she left London a man approached the publisher with the positive assurance that he could arrange the whole affair within a fortnight. (In parenthesis it may be said that such men were not uncommon that summer.) The American publisher, remembering the proverb concerning a bird in the hand, rushed to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message to the lady in Paris as follows:

> Suspend Dreyfus negotiations for the present. Will write.

The telegram was delivered, but almost simultaneously the lady was waited upon by a polite representative of the police department, with a demand for an explanation. What negotiations was she carrying on and with whom? She told her story and felt that it was received with the blandest incredulity. She promised to show the police the letter from London when it came, and reminded her visitor of her American citizenship. The official departed. Unfortunately, the press of business sent the American publisher scurrying toward Scotland, and he, not realizing how important it was, neglected to write to the lady in Paris.

She soon discovered that she was being "shadowed," and that her every movement was being watched by mysterious people. At first she laughed, and merely sent a little note of inquiry to London. No answer came and the watching continued. Her nerves began to give way, and finally she went to the American Ambassador with the whole story. The shadowing ceased. It would be interesting to know by just what diplomatic processes this incident was arranged.

## Mr. Cherry's Little Stroll

Mr. Booth Tarkington is said to have discovered recently that he has won a place among the humorists of America. The manner in which this revelation came to him is told by a fellow Indianian as follows:

"The author of Monsieur Beaucaire recently met Professor Cherry, the young explorer, who was fresh from his long and perilous tramp which had covered well-nigh the entire length of the African continent.

"'Well, that was quite a little stroll you recently took down the coast,' remarked Mr. Tarkington, who put into the tone with which his facetious words were spoken the admiration he felt for the explorer's achievement. He was naturally somewhat surprised when the scientist stared at him rather coldly and discontinued the conversation at the earliest possible moment.

"They did not meet again that night and Mr. Tarkington concluded that his well-intended levity had made a mortal enemy of the explorer. A few evenings later, however, they again found themselves in a social gathering. No sooner did the explorer spy the novelist than he hastened to approach Mr. Tarkington with outstretched hand, exclaiming: 'Aw! my dear fellow, I understand all about it now! But, don't you know, I was quite put out when you spoke of my African journey in that way the other evening! Now I understand it is only the little way you American humorists have of saying funny things. And it's right good! Right good. Quite a little stroll! I'm sure it's quite clever.'"

## Some of the New Books

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